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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

In Four Volumes, Complete.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING

The rest of his LETTERS, and WILL.

EDINBURGH:
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LETTERS.

LETTERS to and from EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER I.

Mr POPE *to* EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq;*

August 27. 1714.

WHatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook *, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the *notes* †; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford. But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But, with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situa-

* The translation of Homer's Iliad.

† The notes on the Iliad were his own; those on the Odyssey were Dr Broome's.——But they speak their respective authors.

tions. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no further *. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country-justice †. To disarm me indeed, may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service. A hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body: for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad; and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as, they say, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say who am a Papist, and say to you who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queeen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other mens. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists.

universal

universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any governours or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change. I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own; heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health, and in the midst of diversions. I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his hero's kingdoms. It will not only be of great use with regard to his works,

but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly ſee you ingroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man that pretends to get to heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad, (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word). I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them, when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum relligio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no farther,

farther, than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor Papists; we ought in recompense to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confess that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendents know, that their ancestor was great with Mr Pope.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr BLOUNT.

Nov. 11. 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North? what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? however it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but

when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me; and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your ease. Indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security's sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus. I longed to imitate him a little; and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto; and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity, Your, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21. 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments, which,

which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a-year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that "you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr Wycherley shewed his, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments. At least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

——————*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

Feb. 10. 1715-16.

I Am juſt returned from the country, whither Mr Rowe accompanied me, and paſſed a week in the foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moonſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company, is mirth; which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcience and ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourſelves, are mere groping in the dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this ſolicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futurity. It is not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the ſtate of ſouls

ſhall

ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own ſtate happy. We cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears, (though now and then they toſs their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that, but for opinions like theſe which I diſcovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, That the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote. *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman-Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack.

In

In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said, That I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20. 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hinderance to ſpeaking, but to writing too. The more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterpriſing greatly, as an unblemiſhed conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſſed, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperiour to thoſe who injure him: for the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury,

jury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruined thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted, but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldnesses of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended, that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials; their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed conscientious French refugee at this instant. What must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniencies and chagrins,

chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of life ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, late of— As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own; ſo I earneſtly wiſh, that whatever part they muſt bear, may be rendered as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous. I find by a letter of your lady's, (which I have ſeen), that their eaſe and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is ſome fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windſor foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hanged do their fellow-priſoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr D** with tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be removed himſelf.

Perhaps now I have learned ſo far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva;

my next leſſon may be,

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſhamed of each other. I know I wiſh my country well; and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From Mr BLOUNT.

March 24. 1715-16.

YOur letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor forest and you sustain of each other; but that, methinks, one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you; since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy. My *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me: it is what I am resolved on, with my *Penate*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St James's park, and chuse to join the other two propositions in one, safety and friendship, (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here; and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem;

which would have rendered this place more agreeable, than ever else it could be to me: for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

June 22. 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when, without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers *, which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand æra's of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world, (according to Plato's expression), that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction; and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preston.

upon

upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals; neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours: but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world, is to grow philoſophical, or religious, (which ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take): and indeed the world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natured. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleaſed than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools, than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8. 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor Papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were

to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt, I heartily wiſh your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix profane with ſacred hiſtory, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth, (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden), in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me, he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe thoſe of our ſaints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week! and when I take him up again, I ſhall be very well prepared to tranſlate, with belief and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's horſe.

You will excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe which prevents a ſheet full of compliment: and believe, there is nothing more true, (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is falſe), than that I have a conſtant affection for you, and am, *&c.*

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt; though your couſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday) ſays,

says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27. 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers *.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was. However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever; at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

* See Mr Pope's epitaph on his father and mother, vol. 1. p. 308.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3. 1721.

YOur kind letter has overtaken me here; for I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir Chriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "remembered her Creator in the days of "her youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for I ſee one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I wiſh I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging

liging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend: I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham; and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21. 1721.

YOur very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon "be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, "which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Salton said one day to me. "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I "am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to "fear, for my life or death. It is the only reason "I have to repent being a single man; now I grow "old, I am like a tree without a prop, and with-

"out

" out young trees to grow round me, for company " and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards except the gout. Pray come, and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the ſcripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks! ———

But, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes of his ſhould be applied to a man ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main I think it may have ſome reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace of ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did thoſe creatures, till we can ſhake it looſe, at leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you. Let Mrs Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brighteſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayeſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

June 27. 1723.

YOU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere wellwiſher than myſelf, or

or more the ſincere wellwiſher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good-will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an aſſembly; and the whiſtling of the wind better muſic to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeaſed, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are baniſhed from us! but happier they who can baniſh themſelves, or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You will wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriouſly, (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe), I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim god of hell!

ſaid a Heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a Chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promiſed to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt day I have been myſelf, and paſs over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twick'nam, June 2. 1725.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturbed, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto. I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee through my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats,

boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

Hujus Nymphæ loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth *. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it

* He had greatly enlarged and improved this grotto not long before his death: and, by incrusting it about with a vast number of ores and minerals of the richest and rarest kinds, had made it one of the most elegant and romantic retirements that was any where to be seen. He has made it the subject of a very pretty poem of a singular cast and composition. — See this poem *vol.* 2. *p.* 154.

owes

owes to art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13. 1725.

I Should be aſhamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more aſhamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lie; (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find, by ſo doing, that I have not enough conſidered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent. I am now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſiacal ſcene among groves and gardens: but at this ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, turned out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtored, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at greatneſs, merry over a Chriſtmas fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs B * * what I think ſhe

is

is doing: for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not however suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them, and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man; next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us. Discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets say the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth to the sons of the earth; your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon; value (to you) three pence. Adieu.

Mr Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

LETTERS to and from the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1714 to 1727.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY *.

June 2. 1717.

I Had pleaſed myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your phyſicians †. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions. As they think our doctors aſſes to them, we will think them aſſes to our doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſixpence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean: ſo I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you ſhall; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better buſto for it.

* See Mr Pope's epitaph on him and his ſiſter, vol. 2.

† Aſſes.

It

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense of Gorboduc *.

Adieu! I am going to forget you. This minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant those two months, (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

London, March 31. 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian

* There is a correct edition of it in that valuable collection of old Plays published by Dodsley.

ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs, pray never ſtint it in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not: and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching. The moſt we can hope, is to be heard juſt with decency and patience, once a-week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at! There indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſſed, that men, women, and children hiſs them out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us. She pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before; talks, without any manner of ſhame, of good books, and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette; which gives me ſome hope, that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys of

of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER III.

From Mr DIGBY.

Celeshill, April 17. 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great inchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties. Indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good-humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance: it appears to us a fine glittering scene; which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe. Our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her, and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you, we indeed read the spoils of rapine as boys do the English rogue, and hug our-

ſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

May 1. 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of parliament; one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſigned four very laborious and uncommon ſort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſhed in my deſk the heads of two eſſays, one on the theology and morality of Homer, and another on the oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance

acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty old-faſhioned reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my Lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſt this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving-ſongs for the new habitations I have made them; my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, by Tuſcan porticoes, or Ionic pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurpriſed with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere

mere jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr DIGBY.

May 21. 1720.

YOur letter, which I had two poſts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter. That your mother remembers me, is a very ſincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes however, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer. I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you mention are not completed; but if you expect

no

no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you? If I see you, I must leave my father alone; and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures. The same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter; unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico.

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Mr DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9. 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside; for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age.

I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health; for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, *&c.*

LETTER VII.

July 20. 1720.

YOur kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glimpſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, *&c.* Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower; thither may health, peace, and good-humour wait upon us as aſſociates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longævity!) by mortals called ſpaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſters promiſed to make for this purpoſe. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide, and a green hat,

hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James I.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governours, treasurers, *&c. &c. &c. in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER VIII.

From Mr DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the golden age; for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those

thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the playhouſe? who will go thither, while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good ſatire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuſes, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

From Mr DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12. 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public ſpirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the S. ſea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But I hope the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your ſufferings *; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendour. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

* See note on ver. 133. ſat. 2. book 2. of Horace, in vol. 1. p. 329.

I

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1. 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more. Perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs Mary Digby. She needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) "he "is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him: he is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he

is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory); ſo at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr Stonor. It is certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleaſed that I am arrived in ſafety at Twickenham; though it is a ſort of earneſt that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill: for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them. I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to compriſe a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: ſo I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: though I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly. I ſuſpect the bells will be ringing at her arrival,

and

and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days' and that all the clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lady Conningſby, and on the other Mr W * *. Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and deſire Mr Philips to remember me in his cyder, and to tell Mr W * * that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young ladies, whom I almoſt robbed of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they ſhall like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it).

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOur making a ſort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame; but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for, ſure, nothing is more ſatisfactory, than to be certain of ſuch a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to riſe to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne.

I am told you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her guide through that inchanted foreſt, is not to be expreſſed. I look upon myſelf as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the receſſes of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and as yet viſionary beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes; the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through ſecret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity, a hundred years hence. But till the deſtined time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs Digby muſt content herſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be the witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms diſplayed, provoke the ſpirit of the ſoldiers. Tea and coffee ſupply the place of Lacedæmonian black broth. This camp ſeems crowned with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſic of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs, to repreſent the *mater exercitus*.

At

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon them. The perſon I complain of, is the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hindered your writing, hindered mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed, ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve), I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the goodnature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe. We and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily), "The converſation of a friend brightens "the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendour ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendours, of an aſſembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and falſe faces); this is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome new faces about town of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs Howard's and Mrs Blount's. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14. 1723.

I Cannot return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often; and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled, and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have

have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any wise deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you; so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men: for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet I own it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength; yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded. These are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and, like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This

good

good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the Odyssey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden-plants? how look the trees? how spring the brocoli and the fenochio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full, and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours; so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Oct. 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days.—But here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness), "You shall neither go into the other world, "nor any where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures,

fures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: it is like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſet of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days, and have, by a ſuperior rectitude of heart, ſet yourſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millenary year in London? tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warped by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's *. I am confident, if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas †, the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo. It is the beſt time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open,

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of ſciences into America.

through

through the thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome: what would you have? the moon ſhines too, though not for lovers theſe cold nights, but for aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting teleſcopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt, (for what I have ſaid before relates only to the ladies: do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs), ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking ſanhedrim, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant; you know I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B**'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the waters of Riſkins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery)

* Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

would

would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B** has, becauſe they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *extravagante bergerie*; and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's maxims is, That a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is repoſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you: for as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly called the devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is ſuch perfect union and ſociety as you all poſſeſs. I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a

ſincere

ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

LETTER XVII.

Dec. 28. 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not: the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-faſhioned, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſhed, people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins.)

They tell me, that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting; that a thing called Chriſtian cheerfulneſs, (not incompatible with Chryſtmas-pes and plum-broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice; that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſekeeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourſcore miles; and, laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance.

perance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country-way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, *April* 21. 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Nature and eſteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction. The latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than myſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandiſe our ſenſation of its being removed from our ſight, from our affection, and from our imitation. For the friendſhip and ſociety of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof. Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world

that ſo much wants them, as long as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be with thoſe who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each juſt as we think he would have done; ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope, when we ſhall meet him next, we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be evermore ſeparated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes, and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myſelf.

N. B. *Mr Digby died in the year* 1726, *and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with an epitaph written by the author*, vol. 2. p. 159.

LET-

LETTERS to and from Dr ATTERBURY *, Bishop of ROCHESTER.

From the year 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER *to Mr* POPE.

Dec. 1716.

I Return your preface †, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best, and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it: and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which, I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this

* See Mr Pope's epitaph on him, vol. 2. p. 163.

† The general preface to Mr Pope's poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

errour, if it be one; an errour of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loath to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you; or, if I do, ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr* POPE.

Feb. 18. 1717.

I Hoped to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* * with me; and Dr Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry your *Alcander* † is burnt. Had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, among my curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met with, from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to which he is pleaſed to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pleaſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you can make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with. I wiſh you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any degree

* A tragedy written in the reign of Edward VI. (and much the beſt performance of that age), by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Eliſabeth. It was then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-mall.

† An heroic poem writ at 15 years old.

towards

towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always, every where, moſt affectionately and faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr* POPE,

Bromley, Nov. 8. 1717.

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſhed me, but what you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you, that there is no man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleaſed to contribute any wiſe to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages altered, and added by the author, beſide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil, with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the allegory of ſin and death, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the

colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it:

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does: at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

The Answer.

My LORD, *Nov.* 20. 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God, another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

——*nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

—— *Ignaram*

——— *Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli*
——*Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure, (for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity). Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows. This I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy: but I think it would not be ſo to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books): there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James II. I warmed my head with them; and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read. I am afraid moſt ſeekers are in the ſame caſe; and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as outwitted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy,

fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides, it is a real truth, I have leſs inclination (if poſſible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſreliſh of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called ſo; for to me it always ſeemed to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to prefer the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt; for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over princes and ſtates. I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties. You ſee, my Lord, I end like a preacher. This is *ſermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER V.

Sept. 23. 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago received the ſulphur, and the two volumes of Mr Gay, as inſtances how (ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promiſed to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticiſe from Virgil to theſe tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you. The fate of the South-ſea ſcheme has, much ſooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man conſidered it would come *like a thief in the night*; exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſhed the avaricious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf. The thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble ſervant), I would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *directors* of thoſe days, reſolved that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men. But it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive, and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr Arbuthnot's. He says, the government and South-sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy, (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased, in a great degree: but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased, is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian tales, and Mr Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from

from Weſtminſter on Saturday night laſt. It has found its way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully ſays, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the deanery towards the end of October; by which time I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

IOHANNI DRYDENO.

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his buſto above—may not lines like theſe be graved juſt under the name?

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd, to* DRYDEN's *aſhes juſt;*
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in marble might expreſs,
Is known already; praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus——

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent, and cenſure vain.

This

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you ſhould not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales:* Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding), that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurpriſe and pleaſe a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportioned, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images: but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expenſe: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleaſure, would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which I dare ſay I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, *&c.* I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. ſea; ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is concerned: for in the general I ever was, and ſtill am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſhed,

flouriſhed, it would by degrees have overturned our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned, muſt have borne down all before it. — But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventured, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, *&c.*

LETTER VII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26. 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your verſes *; and with the freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that though I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the

* Epitaph on Mr Harcourt, vol. 2, p. 156.

more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your compositures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the house of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have sent Dr Arbuthnot the Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called — what that means in English or French, I cannot say — but all he says, is in so loose, and slippery, and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes —

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can), we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason, with a dog for his instinct, to-morrow.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT *to Mr* POPE.

Dec. 6. 1722.

I Cannot but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the incloſed. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I cauſed the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve it.

When once your epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *denied*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear, *(viz.)* renounced, deſerted, *&c. Denied* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more good-nature, than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

HARCOURT *ſtands dumb, and* POPE *is forc'd to ſpeak.*

I cannot perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of that line; and the word *forced* (which was my own, and, I perſuade myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended; and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER IX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER *to Mr* POPE.

Sept. 21. 1721.

I AM now confined to my bedchamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health; which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr Waller; and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words *(appear and clear)* that the couplet but one after that does; — and therefore in my Waller

Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements; and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr Prior to his grave; else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb, while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's. May both continue till I see you! may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet I am sure I wish him as much as he wishes himself.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From the same.

Bromley, Oct. 15. 1721.

NOtwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the deanery. I hope,

did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle; which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprised to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon. He has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I propheſy it will be quite off by the beginning of November. A letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse. But that is a vain thought; I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the

the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text. I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of; but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a * dead man to † a dead man; and even that the new ‡ patron to whom Tickel choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the editor's place, I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for myſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

* Mr Addiſon. † Mr Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

LET-

LETTER XI.

My LORD, *Feb.* 8. 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twit'nam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the deanery, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well. Easy, resigned, and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other mens minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of Your, *&c.*

LETTER XII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26. 1721.

PErmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr Addison *; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.

has

has pleaſed every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneered at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talked my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice; and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame; which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleaſed ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14. 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the deanery, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you; and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noiſe and daily buſtle for the public be now over, I dare ſay, a good man is ſtill tendering its welfare; as the ſun in the winter when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon.

ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you ſhould underſtand the value of it: but I do not wiſh you a jot leſs concerned or leſs active than you are in all ſincere, and therefore warm deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your viſitor, but your lodger, and I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town, (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me), but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo, (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity), I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, poetry, Popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled anew by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*; — that you may teach me how to do the ſame; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a great man.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16. 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination ſoever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed; but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever,

ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise: let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now; for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner *: and how long or how little a while it may be so taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

My LORD, *March* 19. 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to shew

* In his lady's last sickness.

you

you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles, (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think, (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work *),

That in Eliab's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would see Lord C** or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell; but if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Be-

* The *Paradise regain'd*. Supposed to be in compliment to the Bishop, it could never be his own opinion.

lieve

lieve me, (my Lord), no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own sons of the church),

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 6. 1722.

UNder all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you. The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy — however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter. I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I will see no body but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things. Let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-shew. I have said to Greatness some time ago, — *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we

ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue, and leſs pride; and then I will court them as much as any body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking; — when I ſat down to write, I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it: for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, becauſe of my relation to the place; but it is at the weſt door of it; as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of franking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allowed us.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25. 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough, that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments

compliments be laid aſide between us for the future: and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord * * has preſſed me terribly to ſee him at * *, and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſhed, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far, as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like. If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like: for that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; though I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards

employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself; and believe, that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf, frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same.

June 15. 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord **, and delivered my civil reproach to him in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but do not know how to come at it without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other, I wish you would

would review and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the deanery, and moraliſe one evening with you on the vanity of human glory. —

The Ducheſs's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe. I muſt keep clear of flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope, your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touched with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend], your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage; and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I have repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it.

* The Ducheſs of Buckingham.

And so I hope she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be. You tell me I have them, as the civilleſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, *&c.* before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30. 1722.

I Have written to the Duchess * just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the ra-

* Duchess of Buckingham.

ther,

ther, becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay; eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concerned: but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the deanery, and I believe I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that laſt ſcene of pompous vanity *.

It is a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of year, and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus entreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare—

Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in Hamlet to this requeſt, which you remember, though I do not. *Poor Ghoſt! thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!*—or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here—

——————Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

* This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Auguſt 1722.

You

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you.

Te, veniente die, te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, *The Tower, April* 10. 1723.

I Thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me; which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But

of

of that I shall consider——You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and Providence *his guide.*

LETTER XXII.

The Answer.

April. 20. 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had, was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorise it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the

the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me; and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon *. Is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chuſe to have lived?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country, (ſo torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener, or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent ſpirits, who, though we never ſee or hear

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace, and the beſt of Tully's after his return from exile.

them,

them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

May 17. 1723.

ONce more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will

tend

tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life, but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it. To ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs, and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit

rit entered into another life *, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects †. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame as well as happineſs,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23. 1731.

YOU will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to ſay ſomething; and the reputation of an hiſtory ‡ which I and all the world value, muſt have ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have printed it here, in hopes that ſomebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two frightening words at the cloſe of it ||. Whether that happens

* The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the 15th day of February in the year 1732.

† Notwithſtanding this, Mr Pope was convinced, before the Biſhop's death, that, during his baniſhment, he was in the intrigues of the pretender: though, when he took his laſt leave of Mr Pope, he told him, he would allow him to ſay his ſentence was juſt, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in his exile.

‡ Earl of Clarendon's.

|| The Biſhop's name, ſet to his vindication of Biſhop Smalridge, Dr Aldrich, and himſelf, from the ſcandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's hiſtory. Paris, 1731, 4to, ſince reprinted in England.

or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, though it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto:* for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promiſed more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes, that they preſerve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my errour, it ſeems, before I was aware of it. But enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you purſue the moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them,

them. The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation. They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend; and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your mother. I ſend one of theſe papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!*

and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur, ——————
—————— *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

On the death of his daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20. 1729.

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving.

ſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleaſed to hear, that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your knowledge and judgment are at the height: uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

———*Gelidus tardante ſenecta*
Sanguis hebet, frigenique effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the ſouth of France, much more than I did at Paris; though even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſſed the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character. For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of du-

ty and love than she had done in all her lifetime, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope, that he who laid the burthen upon me, (for wise and good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTERS to and from Mr GAY, &c.

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13. 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hindered my anſwering you; and I have ſince ſeveral times inquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſſed two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our friend Mr Cromwell too has been ſilent all this year; I believe he has been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of my freedoms *, which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of: perhaps he may have opened to you; and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourſelf; which, if I had any intereſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhould not be long without manifeſting to you. Ideſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vitious diſtruſt of another's value for you, (thoſe two eternal foes to merit), imagine that your letters and converſation are

* We ſee by the letters to Mr Cromwell, that Mr Pope was uſed to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte of the other.

not

not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24. 1721.

IT has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleased me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing, upon my word, has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that, notwithstanding the many inconveniencies and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; it is nothing but the circumstantials, and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Duchess * will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now secretary

* Duchess of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made secretary,

to

to this lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any he who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

Aug. 23. 1713.

JUst as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear, and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it), but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as her mother St Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have

rivalled

rivalled St Luke himſelf in painting; and as, it is ſaid, an angel came and finiſhed his piece, ſo, you would ſwear, a devil put the laſt hand to mine, it is ſo begrimed and ſmutted. However I comfort myſelf with a Chriſtian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians ſhould have a ſight of them, who, they tell us, worſhip certain idols purely for their uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſhed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan* *, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and ſenſe of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine ſhall play in the hands of poſterity. I am glad your fan is mounted ſo ſoon; but I would have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the ſticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be borne in the hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himſelf cool after a debate, and a ſtateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

Dear Mr GAY, *Sept.* 23. 1714.

WElcome to your native ſoil †! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, bleſſed with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether returned a triumphant

* A poem of Mr Gay's ſo entitled.

† In the beginning of this year Mr Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occaſion that Mr Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

Whig,

Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother-poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons too themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another, will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor: during your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a-day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: we will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies.) Are not the Rosalinda's

ſalinda's of Britain as charming as the Blouſalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great paſtoral poets of our nation renounced love at the ſame time? for Philips, immortal Philips hath deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner kicked, his Roſalind. Dr Parnelle and I have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of expenſes: Homer ſhall ſupport his children. I beg a line from you directly to the poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to ſay to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8. 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr Forteſcue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greateſt of curioſities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble moſt part of the ſummer, and have concluded the ſeaſon in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleaſed to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes;

nutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I cannot pretend to entertain either Mr Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr Lowndes *. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a-year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother-poets of these days.

The Duchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs Bellenden, Mrs Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters: Dr Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we

* A poem, entitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Esq; author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL.

can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

LETTER VI.

From Mr GAY *to Mr* F—.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9. 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel; which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors, but to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley, in our next field, has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labour of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her

her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of July between two or three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſcreen from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffened in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over

them, upon condition that we furniſhed the epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country-people will not underſtand this, and Mr Pope ſays he will make one with ſomething of ſcripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY, *Sept.* 11. 1722.

I Thank you for remembering me; I would do my beſt to forget myſelf, but that, I find, your idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or neither. I am ſorry I could not have a glimpſe either of you, or of the ſun (your father) be-

* The epitaph was this,

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an induſtrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this pariſh;
Who being at harveſt-work
(with ſeveral others)
were in one inſtant killed by lightning
the laſt day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment ſeiz'd,
A pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.
Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

fore

fore you went for Bath: but now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr Congreve in mind that he has one on this ſide of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the univerſe than Mr Gay and my Lady Ducheſs. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourſelf, and one of them at leaſt may be thought to do it without affectation, namely, Mrs Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr Arbuthnot and Dr Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuffered to ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr Arbuthnot, that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governours; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Rocheſter, are opened and profanely pried into at the tower: it is the firſt time dead pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To be ſerious, you, and Mr Congreve, and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern and ſurpriſe at his commitment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern, as any friends I have. I think myſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my eſteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment, like the Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh him, manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addreſſed to you, tell Mr Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 13. 1722.

I Was very much pleaſed, not to ſay obliged, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warmed my heart to have anſwered it ſooner, had I not been de-

ceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourſelf were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. I think your ſentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain. I wiſh thoſe we call great men had the ſame notions, but they are really the moſt little creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chuſe honeſt men for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the apoſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs Howard has writ you ſomething or other in a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe repents. She has as much good nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, inſtead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr Forteſcue will paſs a few days with me: we ſhall remember you in our potations, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortleſs and widow, and a playfellow of the maiden, I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER IX.

Sept. 11. 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters; and, be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have intervened to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I do not desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; though (to say truth) I do not care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I do not believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr Congreve's, and

Your, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER X.

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly expectation almoſt of my mother's death; there was no circumſtance that rendered it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor mother's can be; whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that it is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous ſymptoms are returned upon her; and, unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the view now given me (heaven grant it may increaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as, I fear, hers muſt decline: I believe that would be very faſt — may the life that is added to you be paſſed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than friendſhip can give and receive without obligations to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: do

do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs Howard, and Mrs Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday night.

I Truly rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you, either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you; and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.*

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have passed concerning you.

LETTER XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come

come and take a room by you at Hampſtead, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceaſed to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake; for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the ſouthern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as cheerful as your ſufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a court; even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, *&c.*

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I AM glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſſed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs

neſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birthday, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But like a ſieve, let every pleaſure through;
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad reflection more!
Is this a birthday? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs ——

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the increaſe of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All knights-errants palfreys were diſtinguiſhed by lofty names: we ſee no reaſon why a paſtoral lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calphurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birthday, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill *. Mrs Suſan offered us wine upon the

* Mrs Howard's houſe.

occaſion,

occaſion, and upon ſuch an occaſion we could not refuſe it. Our entertainment conſiſted of fleſh and fiſh, and the lettice of a Greek iſland called *Cos*. We have ſome thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birthday, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; becauſe we think your hall the moſt delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forſwear all courts; and really it is the moſt mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; ſo we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourſelves as happy as we can, in your houſe.

I hope we ſhall be brought into no worſe company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wiſh as to getting into court, I diſclaim it, and deſire to ſee nothing of the court but yourſelf, being wholly and ſolely

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XV.

July 21.

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends, (and if I did not, they would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preſerve for me all the friendſhip and good-will which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my paſt life of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, it is you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenetic, conſider I have juſt received the news

news of the death of a friend, whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchess * will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or tease you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was and just as I ever shall be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Dear SIR, *Oct. 6. 1727.*

I Have many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eight in the scripture; "Blessed is he "who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court-dependence; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the cheerfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vitious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and peers (the lackies of princes) and ladies (the fools of peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the

* Of Queensberry.

only thing which kings and queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Engliſhmen need not aſk from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the ſatisfactory conſciouſneſs of having not merited ſuch graces from courts as are beſtowed only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only ſteps to the favour of the great are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their paſſions. He is their greateſt favourite, who is the falſeſt: and when a man, by ſuch vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for ſerving their ends: ſo many a miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any decency you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account. I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with court-omens? —— Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly ſpeech: while you are nobody's ſervant, you may be any one's friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr GAY *to Mr* POPE.

Aug. 2. 1728.

IT was two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought

thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs B. my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeemed in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport them: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from dependence, though I have leſs attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpoſed of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it; I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs Blount and Mrs Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in newſpapers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and, by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe uſed by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like any thing you do; that Mr Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude; and loves, not envies your performance, for we are not dunces. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

April 18. 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured thoſe popes who were moſt famous for nepotiſm; it is a ſign that the old fellows loved ſomebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I

now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this diſtance, nor help the general whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive), that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am condemned to live by a high-way ſide, like an old patriarch, receiving all gueſts, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian groves, ſprinkled with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchſs of Queenſberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor, while you are happily baniſhed with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? So partial is fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerved ten times more to be baniſhed than you, and I know ſome ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their ſervices. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe, to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I will ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well — I fancy after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr Forteſcue, and told him the pains you took to ſee him. The dean is well; I have had many

many accounts of him from Iriſh evidence, but only two letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr Cleland always ſpeaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the ſuperiour carnivoracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Ducheſs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Ameſbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11. 1730.

I May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their baniſhment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I cannot but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of Twitnam ſeems, to be ranked with ſuch rectified and ſublimated beings as you) as a ſeparated ſpirit too from courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and

its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lies and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the colluvies and ſink of human greatneſs at W——r; one Mrs B. that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal and too tranſitory ſtate at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admired the Ducheſs before ſhe grew a goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be borne eaſily: and poor Mrs Rollinſon, though a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 1. 1730.

I AM ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that the moon

moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I do not ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capacity as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you will ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of Clarendon's), for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dryden finely ſays, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a-day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe would complete all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employment I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My fair-weather friends of the ſummer are going away for London, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love poſterity, that poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in hope they may be a little wiſer than their parents.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little conſequence to one from whoſe converſation I am cut off by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs: I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once! and that I might live to ſee you as happy, as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my age increaſes; not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon, from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel myſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit, from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, &c. conſpired to remove far from me. That deſire was, to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the reſt of mankind; I propoſe no rewards to myſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the

the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same truth as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Oct. 23. 1730.

YOur letter is a very kind one, but I cannot say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell of you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public epitaph or monumental inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perished!* There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the giants at Guildhall) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: at present the poor Laureat * and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunk sot of a *parson* holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious

* Eusden,

thresher

threſher not unaptly repreſents *pains* and *labour*. I hope this phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appeared at Ameſbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuſes, in court and country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talked of at court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs Howard talks of you, though not in the ſame breath with the Threſher, as they do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or converſed with Mr Chubb, who is a wonderful phænomenon of Wiltſhire? I have read through his whole volume * with admiration of the writer; though not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſſed juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo till the laſt. Mrs Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend †.

I beg the Duke and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

* This was his 4to volume, written before he had given any ſigns of thoſe extravagancies which have ſince rendered him ſo famous. As the court ſet up Mr Duck for the rival of Mr Pope, the city at the ſame time conſidered Chubb, as one who would eclipſe Locke. The modeſty of the court-poet kept him ſober in a very intoxicating ſituation, while the vanity of this new-faſhioned philoſopher aſſiſted his ſage admirers in turning his head.

† Alluding to thoſe lines in the epiſtle *on the characters of women*, verſ. 159. 160. vol. 2.

" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say what can Cloe want?—She wants a heart."

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2. 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin want to comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, and the waters roar. The ſun gives us a parting look, but it is but a cold one; we are ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms and comforts more. I wiſh you could be here till your family come to town: you will live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy the butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you ſhould come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhould ſtay in the country, where no innocents of another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to church: the Duke ſhould lock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. I adviſe you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truſs up rogues in ſatire: I fancy they will turn to a good account, if you can produce them freſh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However, ambition finds ſomething to be gratified with in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the royal hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer; but for my own part, I like none ſo well as Mr Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muſe on this occaſion. I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, if ſhe deſired it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected

expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of miscellanies is just published, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr GAY *to Mr* POPE.

Oct. 7. 1732.

I AM at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went; for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertained with sea-views and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster castle near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol channel, in which are seen two small islands called the *Steep Holms* and *Flat Holms*, and on the other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields in the Welch coast. All this journey I performed on horseback, and I am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it; so that I begin to fear the illness I have so

so long and so often complained of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience *.

As to your advice about writing panegyric, it is what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions; so that I have no emulation: let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Mr CLELAND *to Mr* GAY †.

Dec. 16. 1731.

I AM astonished at the complaints occasioned by a late epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and I should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: had he satirized gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged; had he over warmly defended the religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publicly

* Mr Gay died the November following at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years.——See Mr Pope's epitaph on him, vol. 2.

† This was written by the same hand that wrote the *letter to the publisher*, prefixed to the Dunciad, vol. 2.

vended in every ſhop, and greedily bought by almoſt every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the ſame names which they openly beſtow on the greateſt men in the miniſtry, and out of the miniſtry, for which they are all unpuniſhed, and moſt rewarded: in any of theſe caſes, indeed, I might have judged him too preſumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his raſhneſs.

I could not but hope better for this ſmall and modeſt epiſtle, which attacks no vice whatſoever; which deals only in folly, and not folly in general, but a ſingle ſpecies of it; that only branch, for the oppoſite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written muſt neceſſarily be celebrated. I fancied it might eſcape cenſure, eſpecially ſeeing how tenderly theſe follies are treated, and really leſs accuſed than apologiſed for.

Yet hence the poor are clōth'd, the hungry fed,
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears.

Is this ſuch a crime, that to impute it to a man muſt be a grievous offence? It is an innocent folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes expenſe more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taſte. It is what the beſt good man living may be liable to. The worthieſt Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favoured houſe, and the beſt-reputed citizen be pleaſed with a vile garden. I thought (I ſay) the author had the common liberty to obſerve a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that diſtinguiſhes him: which I know not how any quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others. But, they ſay, the ſatire is perſonal. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his houſe, garden, &c. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the perſons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he

he is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to ſay a thing is perſonal, is the ſame as to ſay it is unjuſt, not conſidering, that nothing can be juſt that is not perſonal. I am afraid that "all ſuch "writings and diſcourſes as touch no man, will "mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like ſatire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reaſon, becauſe the vitious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder thoſe who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward conſolation in moving it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the beſt characters. No wonder thoſe who are food for ſatiriſts ſhould rail at them as creatures of prey; every beaſt born for our uſe would be ready to call a man ſo.

I know no remedy, unleſs people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unleſs comedy were forſaken, ſatire ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems good in his own eyes, as if there were no kings, no prieſt, no poet, in Iſrael.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the perſon the moſt different in the world from a man-hater, to the perſon whoſe taſte and encouragement of wit have often been ſhewn in the righteſt place. The author of that epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been diſtinguiſhed by this very perſon.

Why, in God's name, muſt a portrait, apparent-

ly collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series* of *good* and *generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, *March* 7. 1731.

THE clamour raised about my epistle to you * could not give me so much pain, as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the poem that deserved this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I could

* The 4th ethic epistle, vol. 2.

not

not treat you quite like a poet: but ſure the writer deſerved more candour, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a report, which, in regard to that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villanous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty ſhould be applied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen would eſcape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble perſon's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conſcious, as, I fear, ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inſult offered to himſelf *.

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this ſort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: that would be making the town a compliment which, I think, it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This way of ſatire is dangerous, as long as ſlander raiſed by fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learned there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, and their high-places; and change my ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries: and, as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next,

* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch** wrote to Mr Pope on this occaſion.

make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXVII *.

Cirenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhips; they ſhew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident, which I dread the moſt, my mother's death, (eſpecially ſhould it happen while I am away.) And another reflection pains me, that I have never, ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: this abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſordered me, notwithſtanding my reſting-place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in ſpirits all day long; I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot

* To Mrs B.

keep

keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life; and if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world), and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that temper by ſacrificing yourſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt yourſelf your own: ſpirits would come in, as ill uſage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *humour*, nor your own *ſenſe*.

You cannot conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and cheerfulneſs grow upon you, if you would once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you. Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII. *

YOur letter, dated at nine o'clock on Tuesday (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater †. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long li-

* To the same.

† Mr Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46.

ved

ved with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be assured I love you both, and be farther assured, that friendship will increase as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

To HUGH BETHEL, *Esq;*

July 12. 1723.

I Assure you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who knew those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of vanity, if not of falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: it is a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they do not comprehend, or the

the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand; much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiours. But humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances. Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſeys for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book * wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of truth, and branched out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about truth, ſince this book appeared, as they did about health when Dr Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

* Mr Wollaſton's book of *the religion of nature delineated.* The Queen was fond of it; and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, faſhionable.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

Aug. 9. 1726.

I Never am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a patriarch of old, standing by the highway-side, and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the Earl of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believed of him: for my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world,

world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It is the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going; for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will suffer on these occasions: but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decorat lachrymis.* — I am but a *lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an inn at Twitenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

June 24. 1727.

YOU are too humane and considerate (things few people can be charged with). Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word, I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done: And I owe her more good than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world: but those offices that are necessary duties either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time, it must be owned, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of

all) through their own means *. But ſtill, I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened †, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new ſtate. The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is, to obſerve the diſparity of men from themſelves in a week's time: the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures; and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſolicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while, as a philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

June 17. 1728.

AFter the publiſhing of my boyiſh letters to Mr Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and, I am ſure, my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear, to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

* See letter 27. from Cirenceſter.

† The death of K. George I. which happened the 11th of June 1727.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: curioſity and the love of diſſipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſenſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual truſt. It is by belief and firm hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependence upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the inſipid, the diſagreeable, the cloying, or the dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſhed long; and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt entirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too; for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs them. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My LORD, *Aug.* 24. 1728.

I Presume you may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many beauties, animal and vegetable, in gardens; and possibly some rational, in ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year; and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him *labourer*. *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima sapientiæ*; which is more than can be said, by most modern nobility, of Grace, or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the great Turk? The two paradises are not ill connected, of gardens and gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Mussulmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the court (nay perhaps at the court) as you at Southampton: and our ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and Royal family by their servants,

ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her Majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the great at home; and it is ſome comfort, that if the men of the next age do not read of us, the women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I have not been to wait on a certain great man, through modeſty, through idleneſs, and through reſpect. But for my comfort, I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Muſt confeſs, that, in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fixed in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurpriſed me; immenſity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake: why will you imagine women inſenſible to praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have ſeen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer. I am ſure the farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications in the middle of her Lent*, would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonable woman.

* The Counteſs of Peterborow, a Roman Catholic.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake, which hindered me ſhowing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's, and ſuch folks, have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, though in jeſt. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in you reſteem of that moſt noble title, *Loiterer*. If I were a man of many plums, and a good Heathen, I would dedicate a temple to Lazineſs. No man ſure could blame my choice to ſuch a deity, who conſiders, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you, you did it (as all polemics do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, reaſon, when beauty is unconteſted. Venus herſelf could allow Minerva to be goddeſs of

wit,

wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say, that Lady P** is a reasonable woman; and I think, she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of toasting her, like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's sake, what have you said about politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of heroes. What a bluster would the god of the winds have made, had one that we know puffed against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

I'll give him flash for flash—
I'll give him dash for dash—

But all now is safe; the poets are preparing songs of joy, and halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a royal work *, which your own partiality will think inferiour to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four wits into any hole in your garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you do not think our heads too expensive: but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

* The Hermitage.

Why

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs, we never knew a deader ſeaſon: it is all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they ſay, it is ſometimes ſo juſt before an earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my Lord, ſhould be pricked on by any old-faſhioned notions of honour and romance, and think it neceſſary for the general of the marines to be in action, when our fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigged out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many years attend you as may be happy and honourable!

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſſed with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the birthday. Where you ſhowed one letter, you may ſhew the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me polemic, or aſſociate me to any ſect or corporation, provided you do not join me to the charitable rogues or to the pacific politicians of the preſent age. I have read over Barclay

clay * in vain, and find, after a ſtroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myſelf to, is, to bear mortification from the fair ſex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction: again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way; you know we always make goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

It is well the poets are preparing ſongs of joy; it is well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as himſelf.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your female mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country-letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination.

* Barclay's apology for the Quakers.

Your

Your idea of the golden age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to myſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe ourſelves! why is our ſhepherdeſs * in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of corruption.

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the ſame.

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt con-

* Mrs H.

feſs,

feſs, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that, for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe, I know, you wiſh me well; I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for truth *, and a ſaucy love for my country.

When a Chriſtian prieſt preached againſt the ſpirit of the goſpel, when an Engliſh judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the miniſter acted againſt common ſenſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper: as I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit: I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your Lordſhip: you, while your

* As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7.

imagination

imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an admiral on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of court-proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel-country, of going about

about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

To * * * * †.

Sept. 13.

I Believe you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the self-taught philosopher ‡. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I do not think it at all impossible that Mr L* * may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.* I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion, your Lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day we acquiesced at night in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast a sleep! And so we ended, unless immediate

† Lord Bathurst.

‡ The title of an Arabic treatise of the life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, by a viſion in bed. But laying aſide theory, I am told, you are going directly to practice. Alas, what a fall will that be? A new building is like a new church; when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this letter may be all of a piece, I will fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood about deſigning a princely garden. Several critics were of ſeveral opinions: one declared he would not have too much art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping nature *: another told them that gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of looſe ſand: a third adviſed peremptorily there ſhould not be one lime-tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees, but weeds: Dutch elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proſcribed, contrary to the paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſsly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear ever-greens, and called them never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into ſhapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of ever-green tailors; ſome, who had no diſlike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt-hedges, which they called green walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our men of taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing. Sure ſuch a taſte is like ſuch a ſtomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but

* An expreſſion of Sir T. H.

heroics,

heroics, another cannot reliſh tragedies, another hates paſtorals, all little wits delight in epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the ſame in divinity; where many leading critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furniſhed, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord ** who is a zealous, yet a charitable planter, and has ſo bad a taſte, as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr C——

Sept. 2. 1732.

I Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good-will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs ——, and I have often hinted it to yourſelf. The truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cauſe of complaint, for the unhappy lady gives me now no farther pain; ſhe is no longer an object either of yours or my compaſſion:

the hardſhips done her are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concerned in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I will name you the obſtacles which I cannot ſurmount; want of health, want of time, want of good eyes, and one yet ſtronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be of expreſſing my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends, I hardly dare while there are Curlls in the world. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general, you will confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends would ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end thoſe trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcribblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, I ſhould certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-houſe, I have often wiſhed it; it was my compliance to a ſuperiour duty that hindered me, and one which you

are

are too good a Chriſtian to wiſh I ſhould have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, though not ſo much as I would be in teſtimonies or writing,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13. 1732.

I Have at laſt got my mother ſo well, as to allow myſelf to be abſent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propoſe to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil, the prayer of a painter; and affirmed it to be his proper way of ſerving God, by the talent he gave him. I am ſure, in this inſtance, it is ſerving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or aſs) on the Sabbath; which though it may ſeem a general precept, yet in one ſenſe particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human aſs, to the likeneſs of man, not to ſay of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, (the happineſs of which ties I

know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine),

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, June 10. 1733.

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead *: I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

To the same.

IT is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much

* Mrs Pope died the 7th of June 1733, aged 93.

the

the ſame! and which (alas for mortality!) will outlaſt the other. Poſterity will, through your means, ſee the man whom it will for ages honour *, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already ſaid in the Eſſay to which you are ſo partial)

The ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were his foes.

That Eſſay has many faults, but the poem you ſent me has but one, and that I can eaſily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I am glad you publiſh your Milton. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too ſhortly, for what I could not help, a ſatirical poem on verbal criticiſm, by Mr Mallet, which he has inſcribed to me, but the poem itſelf is good (another cauſe of anger to any critic). As for myſelf, I reſolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral courſe, taking no ſort of notice of man's anger, or woman's ſcandal, with virtue in my eyes, and truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr BETHEL.

Aug. 9. 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which would not have ſuited that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well, but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am

* Lord Bolingbroke.

therefore

therefore wandering about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe maſter is your ſervant), and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The court and Twit'nam I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our friend *, who deſerves more quiet, and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr Cleland is as well in the park as if he were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man. There will be in it one line that may offend you, (I fear), and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach: beſides, that, in this age, I ſee too few good examples, not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

To ——— †

Sept. 7. 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr Gay, with whom I paſſed once a great deal of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr Swift. I

* Mrs B. † Mrs E.

really

really can find no enjoyment in the place; the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I paſs near my mother's room.

I have not yet writ to Mrs **. I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a wit; beſides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cauſe of it), I will put them out for no body but a friend; and, I proteſt, it brings tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know, is to ſay things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt ſpeeches. It is but in a very narrow circle that Friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare or memory can be of conſequence: the reſt, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lie down eaſy, whenever the night ſhall overtake us.

I dreamed all laſt night of —— She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſame misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another, who, I believe, could promiſe, and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter, and not ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for yourſelf, whether before or after I leave you, (the only way I ever ſhall leave you), you muſt determine; but reflect, that the firſt would make me, as well as yourſelf, happier; the latter could make you only ſo. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

From Dr ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17. 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerved by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies; beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good friend, I think ſince our firſt acquaintance there have not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies, that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips: I am ſure, not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for thoſe talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhips; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my laſt requeſt, that you will continue that noble diſdain and abhorrence of vice which you ſeem naturally endued with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord

Lord Bathurſt I have always honoured, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: pray, give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon-ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe, it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr ARBUTHNOT.

July 26. 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſhed yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any diſtruſt, but by any vanity, much leſs any intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a laſt requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: it is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of vice, without hating the vitious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt precepts, as well as the beſt laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abſtract, without touching perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with ſhadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our

our reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: examples are pictures, and ſtrike the ſenſes, nay, raiſe the paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vitious man makes the caſe his own, and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterred. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raiſed the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, have appeared touched by my ſatires.

As to your kind concern for my ſafety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some characters * I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve them, it is evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an inſulter; and as to private villany, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an aſſaſſination, as in a libel †. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I ſhall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it; but if, through miſre-

* The character of Sporus in the epiſtle to Dr Arbuthnot, vol. 2.

† See the following letter to a Noble Lord.

preſentations

repreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer ſatiriſts than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus: and, allow me to remark, it was out of the ſuffering party too, that they favoured and diſtinguiſhed Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau *. I have always been too modeſt to imagine my panegyrics were incenſe worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offered any. I would only have obſerved, that it was under the greateſt princes and beſt miniſters, that moral ſatiriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the follies, as hiſtorians did over the vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe taſte and affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſſed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſhed.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with temper, juſtice, and reſolution. As your approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter

* See letter 104. to Mr Warburton.

have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God, (which, I know, will also be yours), that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy *.

[We find by letter xix. that the Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr Pope to draw her husband's character. But though he refused this office, yet in his epistle *on the Characters of Women*, these lines,

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.
Vol. 2. ver. 149. 150.

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself, that *he held a lie in prose and verse to be the same:* all this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following paper, (entitled, *The Character of Katharine*, &c.), as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceased poet) we have subjoined a letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the history of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of KATHARINE late Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby.

By the late Mr POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James II. and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity

* This excellent person died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

grity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married firſt to James Earl of Angleſey; and ſecondly to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby; with the former ſhe exerciſed the virtues of *patience* and *ſuffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal virtues*. The man of fineſt ſenſe and ſharpeſt diſcernment, ſhe had the happineſs to pleaſe; and in that found her only pleaſure. When he died, it ſeemed as if his ſpirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preſerve and watch over what he had left, *his only ſon*; in the care of whoſe health, the forming of whoſe mind, and the improvement of whoſe fortune, ſhe acted with the conduct and ſenſe of the father, ſoftened, but not overcome, with the tenderneſs of the mother. Her underſtanding was ſuch as muſt have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modeſty of her ſex threw a veil over its luſtre, which nevertheleſs ſuppreſſed only the expreſſion, not the exertion of it; for her ſenſe was not ſuperiour to her reſolution, which, when once ſhe was in the right, preſerved her from making it only a tranſition to the wrong, the frequent weakneſs even of the beſt women. She often followed wiſe counſel, but ſometimes went before it, always with ſucceſs. She was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit, which aſſiſted her to get the better of thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly through almoſt her whole life, at a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects, the loſs of all her children, the misfortunes of *relations and friends*, *public and private*, and the death of thoſe who were deareſt to her. Her heart was as compaſſionate as it was great: her affections warm even to ſolicitude: her friendſhip not violent or jealous, but rational and perſevering: her gratitude equal and conſtant to the living; to the dead boundleſs and heroical.

roical. What perſon ſoever ſhe found worthy of her eſteem, ſhe would not give up for any power on earth; and the greateſt on earth whom ſhe could not eſteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than decency. Her good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not meaſured by the regard they profeſſed for her own deſert, but by her idea of theirs: and as there was no merit which ſhe was not able to imitate, there was none which ſhe could envy: therefore her converſation was as free from detraction, as her opinions from prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. As her thoughts were her own, ſo were her words; and ſhe was as ſincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a ſafe companion, many were ſerved, none ever ſuffered by her acquaintance: inoffenſive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not ſtupid: but the moment her enemy ceaſed to be hurtful, ſhe could ceaſe to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter, but conſiſtent enemy: (though indeed, when forced to be ſo, the more a finiſhed one for having been long a-making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and ſteady courſe, like Juſtice, than in quick and paſſionate onſets, like Revenge. As for thoſe of whom ſhe only thought ill, ſhe conſidered them not ſo much as once to wiſh them ill; of ſuch, her contempt was great enough to put a ſtop to all other other paſſions that could hurt them. Her love and averſion, her gratitude and reſentment, her eſteem and neglect were equally open and ſtrong, and alterable only from the alteration of the perſons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be inſincere, and her heart too honeſt to ſtand in need of it; ſo that ſhe never found cauſe to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to ſpeak of her perſon, which was moſt amiably majeſtic, the niceſt eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face or proportion of her body; it was ſuch, as pleaſed where-ever ſhe had a deſire it ſhould; yet ſhe never envied that of any other,

other, which might better pleaſe in general: in the ſame manner, as being content that her merits were eſteemed where ſhe deſired they ſhould, ſhe never depretiated thoſe of any other that were eſteemed or preferred elſewhere. For ſhe aimed not at a general love or a general eſteem where ſhe was not known; it was enough to be poſſeſſed of both where-ever ſhe was. Having lived to the age of ſixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving buſineſs, but diſcharging it fully whereſoever duty or friendſhip engaged her in it; not following greatneſs, but not declining to pay reſpect, as far as was due from independency and diſintereſt; having honourably abſolved all the parts of life, ſhe forſook this world, where ſhe had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone ſuch acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March 1742-3 *.

Mr POPE *to* JAMES MOYSER, *of Beverly, Eſq;*

DEAR SIR, *Bath, July* 11. 1743.

I AM always glad to hear of you, and where I can I always inquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's † is truly melancholy, added to the circumſtance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt deſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his friends about him. The public news ‡ indeed give every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one;

* "The above character was written by Mr Pope ſome "years before her Grace's death." So the printed edition.

† Mr Bethel.

‡ The victory at Dettingen.

nay as a general joy to all nations where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevailed.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old Duke of Buckingham is untrue *. I do not remember ever to seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *character written of her Grace* by herself, (with what help, I know not); but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly, and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she shewed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own, in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Hervey*. Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family, (whose welfare is so closely connected), the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the master of this place)

Your, &c.

* He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine epitaph for the son, vol. 2.

A LETTER * to a NOBLE LORD.

On occasion of some libels written and propagated at court, in the year 1732-3.

My LORD, *Nov.* 30. 1733.

YOur Lordship's † epistle has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferiour, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me, against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me; I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty, in my answer to so *candid*, *polite*, and *ingenious* a nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours,

* This letter (which was first printed in the year 1733) bears the same place in our author's prose that the epistle to Dr Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both apologetical, repelling the libellous slanders on his reputation: with this difference, that the epistle to Dr Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against *Grubstreet writers*; and this letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, against *court-scribblers*. For the rest, they are both master-pieces in their kinds; *that* in verse, more grave, moral, and sublime; *this* in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his moral character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving friend.

† Entitled, *An epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-court, Aug.* 28. 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

to

to so *grave, religious,* and *respectable* a clergyman *: as you answered his *Latin* in *English,* permit me to answer your *verse* in *prose.* And though your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin,* might be stronger than mine for not writing in verse, yet I may plead *two good* ones, for this conduct: the one, that I want the talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a* day †, (which, I think, is as much *time* as this subject deserves); and the other, that I take your Lordship's *verse* to be as much *prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your *Lordship* holds in the *world,* and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world,* I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you,* my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings,* my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *respect,* if all the nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools ‡, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains ||, if noblemen can hardly write or read ⊣, if all their business is but to dress and vote ⊣⊣, and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest ⩵,

Bless

* Dr S.

† And *Pope* with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day. *Epist. p.* 6.

‡ That to good blood by old prescriptive rules
Gives right hereditary to be fools.

|| Nor wonder that my brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of lords.

⊣ And when you see me fairly write my name;
For *England*'s sake wish all could do the same.

⊣⊣ Whilst all our bus'ness is to dress and vote.

⩵ Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies

Bleſs me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been ſaid of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed prebendary?

Were it the mere *exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might conſider your Lordſhip on your *Pegaſus*, as a ſprightly hunter on a mettled horſe; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently ſuffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *noble ſport*. But ſhould the caſe be quite otherwiſe, ſhould your Lordſhip be only like a *boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *very foal*; really common charity, as well as reſpect for a noble family, would oblige me to ſtop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegaſus*.

Surely the little praiſe of a *writer* ſhould be a thing below your ambition: you, who were no ſooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no ſooner at ſchool, but in the arms of the Muſes; no ſooner in the world, but you practiſed all the ſkill of it; no ſooner in the court, but you poſſeſſed all the art of it! Unrivalled as you are, in making a figure, and in making a ſpeech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a diſtich. And why this fondneſs for poetry? Proſe admits of the two excellencies you moſt admire, diction and fiction: it admits of the talents you chiefly poſſeſs, a moſt fertile invention, and moſt florid expreſſion; it is with proſe, nay the plaineſt proſe, that you beſt could teach our nobility to vote, which, you juſtly obſerve, is half at leaſt of their buſineſs *: and give me leave to propheſy, it is to your talent in proſe, and not in verſe, to your ſpeaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordſhip muſt owe your future figure in the world.

in private ſatirize, in public flatter,
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I ſhan't, nor need explain. *Adieu*, *p. ult.*

* All their buſineſs is to dreſs, and vote.

My

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of friendship from you: whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *loss* by continuing it, or the least *interest* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission*; but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of * *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly* †, a *pimp*, or a *spy* at court, a *sharper* in a gilded chariot, *&c.* that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the malice of ill people to themselves*.

Your Lordship so well knows (and the whole court and town through your means so well know) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *nature* of the *libel* ‡ you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner*, *place*, and presence in which it was propagated ‖; that I shall

* The first satire of the second book, printed in 1732, vol. 1.

† He should have added, that he called this nobleman who scribbled so carelessly, *Lord Tawny*.

‡ *Verses to the imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts 1732. fol.

‖ It was for this reason that this letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

ſhall only ſay, it ſeemed to me to exceed the bounds of juſtice, common ſenſe, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordſhip there is a *natural*, a *juſt*, and a *well-grounded eſteem*), could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your reſentments againſt me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the ſame; for neither had I the leaſt miſunderſtanding with that lady till after I was the *author* of my own misfortune in diſcontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleaſing to either of you I aſſure you my reaſon for ſo doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me *; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myſelf could be but ſmall, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleaſed ſince to profeſs. But ſurely, my Lord, one may ſay, neither the revenge, nor the language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: the appellations of † *foe* to *humankind*, an *enemy* like the *devil* to all that have *being*; *ungrateful*, *unjuſt*, deſerving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *monſter*, an *aſſaſſin*, whoſe converſation every man ought to *ſhun*, and againſt whom *all doors* ſhould be ſhut; I beſeech you, my Lord, had you the leaſt right to give, or to encourage or juſtify any other in giving ſuch language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more ſtrong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I had been a *betrayer*, a *backbiter*, a *whiſperer*, an *eaves-dropper*, or an *informer?* Did I in all that time ever throw *a falſe dye*, or palm *a foul card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *ſteal*, or accept, ei-

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit.

* See the letter to Dr Arbuthnot amongſt the variations, vol. 1.

† See the aforeſaid *Verſes to the imitator of Horace*.

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ther *money*, *wit*, or *advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *ballad*, *satire*, *pamphlet*, or *epigram*, on any perſon *living* or *dead*? Did I ever do you ſo great an *injury* as to put off *my own verſes* for *yours*, eſpecially on *thoſe perſons* whom they might *moſt offend*? I am confident you cannot anſwer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that ever ſince I loſt the happineſs of your converſation, I have not publiſhed or written one ſyllable of, or to either of you; never hitched your *names* in a *verſe*, or trifled with your *good names in company*. Can I be honeſtly charged with any other crime but an *omiſſion* (for the word *neglect*, which I uſed before, ſlipped my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and ſtill to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am perſuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all juſtice to the contrary *beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am ſhort, not well ſhaped, generally ill-dreſſed, if not ſometimes dirty: your Lordſhip and Ladyſhip are ſtill in bloom; your figures ſuch, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces ſo finiſhed, that neither ſickneſs or paſſion can deprive them of *colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the fineſt that ever *man* was bleſſed with: preſerve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a critic, would coſt it too many *frowns*, and to be a ſtateſman, too many *wrinkles!* I further confeſs, I am now ſomewhat old; but ſo your Lordſhip and this excellent lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your genius and hers ſo perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by conſequence in the contempt of all ſuch as myſelf. You have both, in my regard, been like — (your Lordſhip, I know, loves a *ſimile*, and it will be one ſuitable to your *quality*) you have been like *two princes*, and I like a *poor animal* ſacrificed between them to cement a laſting league:

league: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, two *wits* however may be persuaded, that it is in friendship as in enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *verses* on the *imitator* of *Horace?* They regarded nothing but my *figure*, which I set no value upon; and my *morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *wittiest*, nay the *greatest person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expense of his own *truth*, *honour*, or *justice*.

But though I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was sillily threatened, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish critic, and an enemy of *Horace:* perhaps a noble one, for so (if your Latin be gone in earnest *) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed.

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *poetry* and his *person*, which appears by the pictures and *statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad verses* at *court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the assemblies and opera's of those days, where he took it into his head to *slander poor Horace*.

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *conviva Tigelli*.

* all I learn'd from Dr *Freind* at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in its stead, *Epist. p. 2.*

till it provoked him at last just to *name* him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *ladies*.

Discipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins* (as Dr *Freind* or even Dr *Sherwin* could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight*, *silken*, (or as your Lordship and the Ladies call it) * *flimzy* piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injured.

In regard to the Right Honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private*; and (I firmly believe) not in any *letter* or *conversation*. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sappho's*, as imitate much more the *lewdness* than the *genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *name* and the *qualification* there mentioned †.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper — I took it for a *lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *sex* in *altercation*: for I never was so mean a creature as

* Weak texture of his *flimzy* brain. *p.* 6.

† From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 *Sat. b.* ii. *Hor.*

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to commit my anger against a *lady to paper*, though but in a *private letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of *real honour* and *truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a lady; and the lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *two fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *two mothers*; indeed I think *both sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *witty fornication*: and if I call it *yours*, my Lord, it is only because, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the *ignoble poet*, and his *noble enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he owned he published, he set his name to: what they have *published* of him, they have denied to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *published*. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion *concerned him most*.

Yet, my Lord, this epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-court, and I the object *singled*, like a *deer cut of season*, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *reverend person* *, of the most *serious* and *sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *secret sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *reflection* and *attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *poet*, I cannot help; it is

* Dr. S.

yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship*; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope*'s works as so many *libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *defamation* *, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name* †? Fie, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *translation*; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship: I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some writers* (much his inferiours) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *place*, *pension*, nor *power* to reward for *secret services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare en-

* to his eternal shame,
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

† And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name. *p.* 7.

gage

gage you will have them for less than I gave Mr Broom, if your friends have not raised the market: let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of language*, and almost the *same words?* I cannot but think the worthy and *discreet clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *maker*, who *fashioneth his vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *obscurity* * *of my birth* (a reflection copied also from Mr *Curl* and his brethren), I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger brother*. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his *elder brother*, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much *wit* and *honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a cobler), but in truth, of a very tolerable fa-

* Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

mily: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *lady* whom your Lordſhip made choice of to be the *mother of your own children*; whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a *better preſent* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A mother, on whom I was never obliged ſo far to reflect, as to ſay, ſhe *ſpoiled me* *. And a father, who never found himſelf obliged to ſay of me that he *diſapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a *bluſh*; and that their ſon, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a *tear*.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your Lordſhip's criticiſms on my *poetry*. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *forementioned authors*, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more diſtinction to the *ſame things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular reſpect*, to obſerve how much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at *ſchool* (though I make it no *vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturalized a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your Lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe gentlemen; you have authoriſed not only their *aſſertions*, but their *ſtyle*. For example, *A* flow *that* wants ſkill *to reſtrain its* ardour,—*a* dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expenſe,—*As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, ſo wit unpruned* is *but raw fruit* —*While you* rehearſe ignorance, *you ſtill* know enough *to do it in verſe*—*Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.—The *account of* how *we paſs our time*—and, *the weight on Sir R. W—'s* brain. *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than ſuch a head* (as

* A noble father's heir ſpoil'd by his mother.
His Lordſhip's account of himſelf. p. 7.

no

no head) *has to give*: Your Lordſhip would have ſaid *never* receive inſtead of *ever*, and *any head* inſtead of *no head*: but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you ſay *Latin* and *Greek*

Have quite deſerted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in their ſtead.

for (to do you juſtice) this is nothing leſs than *plain Engliſh*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I cannot conceive why you ſhould give it that name; for by ſome papers * I have ſeen ſigned with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordſhip's.

Your Lordſhip ſeems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at ſchool: you complain next of a *dull dictionary*,

That gives us nothing at its own expenſe,
But a few modern words for ancient ſenſe.

Your Lordſhip is the firſt man that ever carried the love of wit ſo far, as to expect a *witty dictionary*. A dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, muſt not only be an *expenſive*, but a very *extravagant dictionary* †. But what does your Lordſhip mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient ſenſe*? If by *ſenſe* (as I ſuſpect) you mean *words (a miſtake not unuſual)*, I muſt do the dictionary the juſtice to ſay, that it gives us *juſt as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad grammar, than of a dull dictionary.

Doctor Freind, I dare anſwer for him, never taught you to talk

* See ſome treatiſes printed in the appendix to the Craftſman, about that time.

† Yet we have ſeen many of theſe *extravagant* dictionaries, and are likely to ſee many more, in an age ſo abounding in ſcience, that the ordinary vehicles of it prove inſufficient to diſtribute it abroad.

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic odes.

Your Lordſhip might as well bid your preſent tutor, your tailor, make you a *coat, ſuit of cloaths*, and *breeches*; for you muſt have forgot your logic, as well as grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *genus*, and thoſe the *ſpecies*.

For all cannot invent *who can* tranſlate,
No more than thoſe who clothe *us, can* create.

Here your Lordſhip ſeems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have tranſlations, *originals?* for it is the common opinion, that the *buſineſs* of a tranſlator is to *tranſlate*, and not to *invent*, and of a tailor to *clothe*, and not to *create*. But why ſhould you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuſe a tailor? not to ſay *blaſpheme* him; if he can (as ſome think) at leaſt go halves with God almighty in the formation of a *beau*. Might not Dr Sherwin rebuke you for this, and bid you *remember your* Creator *in the days of your youth?*

From a *tailor*, your Lordſhip proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *ſilkman*.

Thus P—pe *we find*
The gaudy Hinchcliff *of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is ſome ambiguity. Does your Lordſhip uſe *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or as the ladies ſay a *hinchcliff* or a *colmar*, for a *ſilk* or a *fan?* I will venture to affirm, no critic can have a perfect taſte of your Lordſhip's works, who does not underſtand both your *male phraſe* and your *female phraſe*.

Your Lordſhip, to finiſh your climax, advances up to a *hatter*; a mechanic, whoſe employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dreſs their brains* *. A moſt uſeful mechanic indeed! I cannot help wiſhing

* For this mechanic's, like the hatter's pains,
Are but for dreſſing other people's brains.

to

to have been one, for ſome people's ſake.—But this too may be only another *lady-phraſe*: Your Lordſhip and the ladies may take a *head-dreſs* for a *head*, and underſtand, that to *adorn the head* is the ſame thing as to *dreſs the brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordſhip for this high panegyric: for if I have but *dreſſed* up *Homer*, as your *tailor*, *ſilkman*, and *hatter* have *equipped your Lordſhip*, I muſt be owned to have dreſſed him *marvellouſly indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admired by the ladies* *.

After all, my Lord, I really wiſh you would learn your *grammar*. What if you put yourſelf a while under the tuition of your friend *W——m?* May not I with all reſpect ſay to you, what was ſaid to *another noble poet* by Mr Cowley, *Pray, Mr* Howard †, *if you did read your* grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourſelf wiſh all Lords would *learn to write* ‡; though I do not ſee of what uſe it could be, if their whole buſineſs is to *give their votes* ‖; it could only be ſerviceable *in ſigning their proteſts*. Yet ſurely this ſmall portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordſhip, without any breach of that *privilege* ⸸ you ſo generouſly aſſert to all thoſe of your rank, or too great an infringement of that *right* ⸸ which you claim as *hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever ſo bent upon depretiating himſelf!

All your readers have obſerved the following lines:

* By girls admir'd. *p.* 6.

† The Honourable Mr Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

‡ And when you ſee me fairly write my name,
For England's ſake wiſh all Lords did the ſame.

‖ —All our buſineſs is to dreſs and vote. *p.* 4.

⸸ The want of brains, *ib.*

⸸ To be fools, *ib.*

How

How oft we hear some witling pert and dull,
By fashion coxcomb, and by nature fool,
With hackney maxims, in dogmatic strain,
Scoffing religion and the marriage-chain?
Then from his common-place-book he repeats,
The lawyers all are rogues, and parsons cheats,
That vice and virtue's nothing but a jest,
And all morality deceit well dress;
That life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole town and court (my good Lord) have heard *this witling*; who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name* the *same person*. But to hear *you* say that this is only— *of whipt cream* a *frothy store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own wit, as your Lordship: for, I do assure you, these are by much the best verses in your whole poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a person of your Lordship's *modesty* and *virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *religion*, *matrimony*, and *morality*; who, though an ornament to the court, cultivate an exemplary correspondence with the *clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of writers; (so far as to cast a few *conceits*, or drop a few *antitheses* even among the *dear joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I say, should look upon me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your anger: for in these verses you have robbed me of *all power to think* *, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *man!* Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's relations), *I might have lived and died in glory* †.

* *P—e*, who ne'er could think. *p.* 7.

† In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd. *ib.*

What

What would I not do to be well with your Lordſhip? Though, you obſerve, I am a mere *imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the leſs cauſe to be aſhamed of, ſince they were *imitators of one another*), yet what if I ſhould ſolemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordſhip? May it not be one ſtep towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *ignorance in Greek*, you are ſo good as to ſay, you have *forgot your own?* What if I ſhould confeſs I tranſlated from *D'Acier?* That ſurely could not but oblige your Lordſhip, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But allowing that in the ſpace of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordſhip did in *two* at the univerſity, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till ſuch a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to entreat of your Lordſhip. It is, that you will not decide of my *principles* on the ſame grounds as you have done of my *learning:* nor give the ſame account of my *want of grace*, after you have loſt all acquaintance with my *perſon*, as you do of my *want of Greek*, after you have confeſſedly loſt all acquaintance with the *language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite ſo far, as to ſeek my *utter perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan*'s, merely for preſuming to be a *poet*, while one of ſo much greater quality was a *writer*. I therefore make this humble requeſt to your Lordſhip, that the next time you pleaſe *to write of me*, *ſpeak of me*, or even *whiſper of me* *, you will recollect it is full *eight years* ſince I had the honour of *any converſation* or *correſpondence* with your Lordſhip, except *juſt half an hour* in a lady's lodgings at court, and then I had the happineſs of her being preſent all the time. It would therefore be difficult

* The *whiſper*, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his ſovereign's ear.
Epiſt. to Dr Arbuthnot, vol. 2.

even

even for your Lordſhip's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *principles*, *parties*, or *ſentiments*, moral, political, or theological, I may have been converted, or perverted in all that time. I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider the injury a man of your *high rank* and *credit* may do to a *private perſon* under *penal laws* and many other diſadvantages, not for want of *honeſty* or *conſcience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart* *. It is by *theſe alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all *poſts* of *profit* or *truſt*: as I can interfere with the *views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *praiſe*, or the common encouragement due, if not to my *genius*, at leaſt to my *induſtry*.

Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful not to wrong my *moral character* with THOSE † under whoſe *protection* I live, and through whoſe *lenity* alone I can live with comfort. Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſideration, will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR peruſal, and ſtrengthened by the weight of your approbation, a *libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and ſcandalous in thoſe on my *honour* and *integrity*: wherein I was repreſented as "*an enemy* to human race, a *murderer* of repu- "tations, and a *monſter* marked by God like *Cain*, "deſerving to wander accurſed through the world."

A ſtrange picture of a man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remembered as the firſt ornaments of their age and country; and no enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr *John Dennis*, and your Lordſhip: a man who never wrote a line in which the *religion* or *government* of his country, the *royal family*, or their *miniſtry* were diſreſpectfully mentioned; the animoſity of any one party gratified at the expenſe of another; or any cenſure paſſed, but upon

* See letter to Biſhop Atterbury, let. iv.

† The K. and Q.

known

known vice, acknowledged folly, or *aggreſſing impertinence*. It is with infinite pleaſure he finds, that *ſome men* who ſeem *aſhamed* and *afraid* of *nothing elſe*, are ſo very ſenſible of *his ridicule*: and it is for that very reaſon he reſolves, (by the grace of God, and your Lordſhip's good leave),

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the beſt ſervice he can to the public, and even to the good government of his country; and for this, at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordſhip knows OF WHOM I ſpeak. Their NAMES I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much aſhamed, to place near *yours*, on ſuch an occaſion, as I ſhould be to ſee *you*, my Lord, placed ſo near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make ſo ill an uſe of their ear * as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent any one innocent man.

This is all I ſhall ever aſk of your Lordſhip, except your pardon for this tedious letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *reſpect* and *concern*,

My LORD,

Your truly devoted ſervant,

A. POPE.

* Cloſe at the ear of Eve, *Ep. to Dr Arbuth.* vol. 1.

LETTERS to and from Dr SWIFT.

From the year 1713 to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr POPE *to* Dr SWIFT *.

SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 8. 1713.

NOT to trouble you at preſent with a recital of all my obligations to you, I ſhall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your deſire that I ſhould write to you; and your propoſal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which laſt you muſt give me leave to make the ſubject of this letter.

Sure, no clergyman ever offered ſo much out of his own purſe for the ſake of any religion. It is almoſt as many pieces of gold, as an apoſtle could get of ſilver from the prieſts of old, on a much more valuable conſideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propoſe a change of my faith by ſubſcription, than a tranſlation of Homer. And to convince you how well diſpoſed I am to the reformation, I ſhall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treaſurer and the miniſtry to riſe to the ſame ſum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Chriſtian; and I am very much ſtraitened between two, while the Whigs ſeem willing to contribute as

* This letter was wrote by Mr Pope in anſwer to one from Dr Swift, wherein he had jocoſely made an offer to his friend of a ſum of money, *ex cauſa religionis*, or, in plain Engliſh, to induce Mr Pope to change his religion. —— It was never inſerted in any former edition of Pope's works.

much,

much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty Heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr DEAN, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points. But there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the viſions of ſome ancient ſaints, that no poet was ever ſaved under ſome hundred of maſſes. I cannot ſet his delivery from purgatory at leſs than fifty pounds Sterling.

Walſh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be ſaved) a Whig. He cannot modeſtly be rated at leſs than an hundred.

L'Eſtrange being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, conſidering they never gave him ſixpence to keep him from ſtarving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and ſeventy pounds.

In the next place, I muſt deſire you to repreſent, that there are ſeveral of my friends yet living, whom I deſign, God willing, to outlive, in conſideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing ſhall be allowed to ſave their ſouls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within theſe few months, with ****** one Mr Jervas, who hath grievouſly offended in making the likeneſs of almoſt all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes paſtorals during the time of divine ſervice; whoſe caſe is the more deplorable, as he hath miſerably laviſhed away all that ſilver he ſhould have reſerved for his ſoul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have theſe people honeſtly ſaved under ſome hundred pounds, whether you conſider the difficulty of ſuch a work, or the extreme love and tenderneſs I bear them, which will infallibly make me puſh this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whoſe ſalvation I inſiſt upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of ſo much greater charge than all the reſt, that I will only lay the caſe before you and the miniſtry, and leave

leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean, is Dr Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsr. de Montagne has assured me, "that the person who receives a benefit, "obliges the giver:" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr Swift should be ever out of my debt; as matters stand already: and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from.

His most faithful, affectionate,
humble servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished the *Rape of the Lock*; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hinderance of business.

LETTER II.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

June 18. 1714.

WHatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has owned himſelf as ſplenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing: if you are too buſied in ſtate-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to reliſh them, in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have ſome knowledge in the world, uſed to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increaſing experience convinces me he was miſtaken; for I find a great many here grievouſly complaining of you, upon this ſcore. I am told farther, that you treat the few you correſpond with in a very arrogant ſtyle, and tell them you admire at their inſolence in diſturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your * retreat: but this I will not poſitively aſſert, becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting e-

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her miniſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them he retired to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, and never ſaw them after.

piſtle

piſtle from you. My Lord Oxford ſays you have not written to him once ſince you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, muſt not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dangerous ſtate-treatiſe from your retirement; and a wit, who affects to imitate Baliac, ſays, that the miniſtry now are like thoſe Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman-Catholic perſuaſion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whiſper, that you are gone to meet ſome Jeſuits commiſſioned from the court of Rome, in order to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr Arbuthnot is ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only deſign is to attend at full leiſure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus *. This indeed muſt be granted of greater importance than all the reſt; and I wiſh I could promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I ſhall tranſlate Homer by the by. Mr Gay has acquainted you what progreſs I have made in it. I cannot name Mr Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I ſhall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verſe, I would tell you, you are like the ſun, and while men imagine you to be retired or abſent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who ſerve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it is almoſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering your

* This project (in which the principal perſons engaged were Dr Arbuthnot, Dr Swift, and Mr Pope, was, to write a complete ſatire in proſe upon the abuſes in every branch of ſcience, compriſed in the hiſtory of the life and writings of Scriblerus; of which only ſome detached parts and fragments were done, ſuch as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatiſe of the Profund*, the literal *criticiſms on Virgil*, &c.

temper;

temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the moſt impertinent. I am, with the trueſt affection,

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

Dublin, June 28. 1715.

MY Lord Biſhop of Clogher* gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correſpondent; and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of what I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *deſiderium* which of all things makes life moſt uneaſy. But you muſt give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for ſome favour; if the Tories return, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.* — Do you imagine I can be eaſy when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the eclipſe, but it was that eclipſe which happened on the firſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your

* Dr *St George Aſh*, formerly a fellow of *Trinity college, Dublin*, (to whom the Dean was a pupil), afterwards Biſhop of Clogher, and tranſlated to the ſee of Derry in 1716-17.

end

end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr Addison, Mr Congreve, and Mr Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER IV.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

June 20. 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs * and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well-diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A Proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron ſaint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the cardinalet, though I ſuffer for my religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the pſalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one † in my name). This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie ‡, wherein if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious

* Alluding to his conſtant cuſtom of ſleeping after dinner.

† In Curl's collection.

‡ One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonneval has done ſince.

people

people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family: ſo churches ſink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the ſame reaſon; that religion and trade, which at firſt were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

Aug. 30. 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr F. of whom, before any other queſtion relating to your health or fortune, or ſucceſs as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a To-"ry?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that poſſeſſion of any ſort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude

you

you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you, and the world, and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confess virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do grace. —You sleep less and drink more—But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering *," &c.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you, Ireland is not paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell, or purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot; tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper doth not shew you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough bookselling-rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curl, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing

* Milton.

you

you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear, to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or † chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depress-

* Gay wrote a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, entitled, *Dermot and Sheelah.*

ed me wonderfully; for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI. *

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs, upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the Queen died, and I recalled my

* This letter Mr Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent.

copy,

copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are ſecretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations, which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſigned me *: but, as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteadineſs or ſincerity, I diſdained to accept it.

Theſe papers, at my few hours of health and leiſure, I have been digeſting † into order by one ſheet at a time; for I dare not venture any further, leſt the humour of ſearching and ſeizing papers ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myſelf, (for they contain nothing of preſent times or perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a cat or a ſpaniel in the houſe), but to preſerve them from being loſt among meſſengers and clerks.

I have written, in this kingdom, a ‡ diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England. This treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gen-

* Hiſtoriographer.

† Theſe papers were never publiſhed, though ſaid to be yet in being. Swift is reported to have ſaid, that it was the beſt work he had ever written.——They are now publiſhed in 8vo.

‡ A propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures.

tlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately took the alarm: he ſent in haſte for the chief juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately publiſhed, with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the ſame time that the printer ſhould be proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of law. The chief juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practiſed effectually with to repreſent the ſaid pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their preſentments publiſhed for ſeveral weeks in all the newſpapers. The printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; the chief juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a ſpecial verdict. During the trial, the chief juſtice, among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly that the author's deſign was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a ſingle ſyllable of party in the whole treatiſe, and although it was known that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, publicly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and impopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of G—ft-n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *Noli proſequi*.

This is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſaid that the man is no ill decider in common caſes of property, where party is out of the queſtion; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh it forward, it muſt needs confound any man of little ſpirit,

ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that ſort of knowledge, which, however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the public as well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which politics, and South-ſea, and party, and opera's, and maſquerades have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome hath entitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtyle and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a treatiſe called a *Dedication upon dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumſtance which makes it impoſſible for me to have been author of a treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whoſe character and perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curioſity to inquire into either, living at ſo great a diſtance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were aſked or no; but never affected to be a counſellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to ſee myſelf ſo far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a ſcholar, and too good a courtier not to diſcover his contempt of thoſe who would be men of importance out of their ſphere. Beſides, to ſay the truth, although I have known many great miniſters ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly ſeen one that would ever deſcend to take advice; and this pedantry ariſeth from a maxim themſelves do not believe at the ſame time they practiſe by it, that there

is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: he knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr Addison, Mr Congreve, Mr Rowe, and Mr Steele; although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who upon the first change of the ministry interceded with him to spare Mr Congreve: it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding, that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view towards making my

my court: for the new principles * fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of ſtate of all parties than uſually happens to men of my level; and, I confeſs, in their capacity as miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of vanity or ambition. The firſt quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power, but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr Addiſon, and the others I named, (except Mr Steele), during all my Lord Oxford's miniſtry; and Mr Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Sommers † or Halifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can ſay with Cicero, "that I ſhould "be proud to be included with them in all their "actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never diſcovered by my words, writings, or actions,

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them, by their enemies, of an intention *to proſcribe the Tories*.

† Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland, in the year 1709.

any

any party-virulence *, or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither ſecretary to the Earl of Wharton then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the chief managers here: he told me they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain miniſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical genius, ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's ſoldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the ſoureſt leaven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an exciſeman,

* The *Examiners* were not then publiſhed amongſt the Dean's works.

a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government; in anſwer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared myſelf againſt a Popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and ſecondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For neceſſity may aboliſh any law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular of all topics: and therefore in great changes when that is broke, there will remain much heartburning and diſcontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak prince and corrupt adminiſtration) may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a *revolution-principle*, my opinion was this; That whenever thoſe evils which uſually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievance we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public good will juſtify ſuch a revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding armies in times of peace: becauſe I always took ſtanding armies to be only ſervants hired by the maſter of the family for keeping his own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceived, that a prince, who could not think himſelf ſecure without mercenary troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt

reſt from that of his ſubjects. Although I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial neceſſities which a corrupted miniſtry can create, for keeping up forces to ſupport a faction againſt the public intereſt.

As to parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic inſtitution, which made them annual: and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For who ſees not, that, while ſuch aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the miniſtry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of liberty? which traffic would neither anſwer the deſign nor expenſe, if parliaments met once a-year.

I ever abominated that ſcheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of ſetting up a moneyed intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, funds of credit and South-ſea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any law upon which the liberty of the moſt innocent perſons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taſte of arbitrary power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every rebellion ſubdued and plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the prince: in the latter caſe, the knot of conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages; ſo that thoſe diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every perſon whoſe face a miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide o-

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pen to the whole tribe of informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true, the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the power of other magiſtrates was ſuſpended; but this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a war near their doors, or ſome civil diſſenſion: for armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the perſons of the Cæſars and their ſucceſſors, the moſt infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf; neither can I truly ſay I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſome time paſt, that a political catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a-year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructor: for, intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide by advancing certain old whiggiſh principles, which, it ſeems, had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the ſpirit of faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned,

priſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a ſubject nor ſo ſtupid an author, as I have been repreſented by the virulence of libellers, whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and inſipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been ſoured by perſonal ill-treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the public, I am too much a politician to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words. And, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by increaſing years, I have at leaſt enough diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth.

LETTER VII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8. 1722-3.

COming home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England; there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*. What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs, my diverſions,

verſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden, for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you; but I have been ſtopped by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *deſiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it. The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always, *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit apponet annos*. I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr Pope, who I believe is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs

in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antechambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-mens friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodgeth in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governour who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and, by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get

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a bishopric here: Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Jan. 12. 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed. After both of you left England, my conſtant hoſt was the Biſhop of * Rocheſter. Sure this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much politeneſs, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expenſe of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with); he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a ſolid general †: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all ſexes, parties, and profeſſions. A glut of ſtudy and retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt me into this; and this, I begin to ſee, will throw me again into ſtudy and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have hindered me from being violent or four to any party; but at the ſame time the obſervations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurpriſed at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo

* Dr Atterbury.

† This Mr Walſh ſeriouſly thought to be the caſe, where, in a letter to Mr Pope, he ſays,—"When we were in the north "my Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a "certain great general in Sp in; [Lord Peterb.] I told him, I "would by all means have that general recalled, and ſet to wri- "ting here at home; for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo "much wit as he ſhewed, could be fit to command an army, o "do any other buſineſs."

good

good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves (for fools I have learned to bear with), and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the freedom of friendship with men, much my superiours. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth, &c.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LETTER IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals! You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage

mitage but for the ſake of the hermit; a few philoſophical friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian ſeers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it which you promiſed to finiſh, appears *.

I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life; my philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my

* See the firſt note on lett. 6, above.

hopes,

hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurpriſe: in driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of titles, and rank, and eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them: my loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days), I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany, but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great a deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes

makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teaſes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER X.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20. 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer-expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt friendſhip and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribbling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here—*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi et fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your favourites ſo indifferently among either party; this you owe partly to your education, and partly

partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me *: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books

* Yet they are the Christian notions.

I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the opera's, and the coffeehouse, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

LETTER XI.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you,

with

with which (after all) I ſit down a gainer; ſince to my great pleaſure it confirms my hope of once more ſeeing you. After ſo many diſperſions and ſo many diviſions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive ſilly ſchemes of ambition, or to vex our own or other's hearts with buſy vanities (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man), but to divert ourſelves, and the world too if it pleaſes; or at worſt, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourſelves. Your travels * I hear much of; my own I promiſe you ſhall never more be in a ſtrange land, but a diligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own territories †. I mean no more tranſlations, but ſomething domeſtic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; as you will gueſs, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not ſo old, as yourſelf; you will be pleaſed with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another; you will converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you will moſt wonder at, is, ſhe is conſiderable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention, (and I dare ſay always will remember), Dr Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him), he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) ſuch advice as might

* Gulliver. † The Eſſay on Man.

cure

cure your deafneſs; but he would not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Sept. 29. 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to ſignalize myſelf among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my * travels, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions: but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with tranſlations. Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented, that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all nations, profeſſions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For inſtance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counſellor ſuch

* Gulliver's travels.

a one, and Judge ſuch a one. It is ſo with phyſicians, (I will not ſpeak of my own trade), ſoldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have governed myſelf many years (but do not tell), and ſo I ſhall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of miſanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honeſt men are of my opinion. By conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſpute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you deſcribe to live at court to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy; for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is ſhe a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then ſhe is a moſt damnable party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be riches, which

anſwe

anſwers all your deſcription. I am glad ſhe viſits you; but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr Lewis ſent me an account of Dr Arbuthnot's illneſs; which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who, by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age, where, after abundance of praiſes, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but, alas, he hath a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leiceſter called thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin blackſmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſame Miſs. Philips is a complainer; and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never ſucceeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although ſo much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it; but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the newſpapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has

ſo much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty); but I wonder he has no more diſcretion.

LETTER XIII.

Oct. 15. 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content, with returning to his firſt point, without the thought or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleaſed with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long deſpiſed, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conſcience into the bargain, (which is the moſt catholic of all remedies, though not the moſt univerſal.) I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I am ſorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the moſt miſerable. I am alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they do not promote him, they will ſpoil the concluſion of one of my ſatires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taſte of the town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

But

But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
In —'s reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ,
When Ambroſe Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, (and generally by Tories too.) Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppoſed to have dealt with Dr Swift: in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole truſt at court in that lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wiſh ſhe really were riches for his ſake; though as for yours, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by his fall. I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved, without ſhifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atom of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I have fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the juſt in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I will not tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I ſee you here, face

to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſſed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public ſpirit is firſt to have a private one: for who can believe (ſaid a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr Arbuthnot to fill; but he is ſo touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu —What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his ſcheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Diſney ſo alſo; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe and ſome others preſerve their ancient honour and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a Proteſtant prieſt, who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer for my own part as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold, to Gildon and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to them, with proper definitions of each in this manner.

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew;

The

The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 26. 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wish he were banished again; for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth: which I immediately acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship It is hard that parsons and beggars should be over-run with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament *(sub sigillo confessionis)* that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety; and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellant*, whether he shall turn parson

or

or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reverſion. Caſt wits and caſt beaux have a proper ſanctuary in the church: yet we think it a ſevere judgment, that a fine gentleman, and ſo much the finer for hating eccleſiaſtics, ſhould be a domeſtic humble retainer to an Iriſh prelate. He is neither ſecretary nor gentleman-uſher, yet ſerves in both capacities. He hath publiſhed ſeveral reaſons why he never came to ſee me; but the beſt is, that I have not waited on his Lordſhip. We have had a poem ſent from London in imitation of that on Miſs Carteret. It is on Miſs Harvey of a day old; and we ſay and think it is yours. I wiſh it were not, becauſe I am againſt monopolies.—You might have ſpared me a few more lines of your ſatire, but I hope in a few months to ſee it all. To hear boys like you talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we laſt were together; and we ſhould differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to ſee how the gameſters play, and I railing at you both. I deſire you and all my friends will take a ſpecial care, that my diſaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witneſſes ready to depoſe, that it hath never varied from the twenty-firſt to the f—ty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, becauſe you would have them reaſonable animals, and are angry at being diſappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with—than I was with the kite that laſt week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleaſed when one of my ſervants ſhot him two days after. This I ſay, becauſe you are ſo hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in oppoſition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, becauſe I found my whole character in him:

him *: however, I will read him again, becauſe it is poſſible I may have ſince undergone ſome alteration.—Take care the bad poets do not out-wit you, as they have ſerved the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to tranſmit their names to poſterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verſes: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I aſk a thouſand pardons, and ſo leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myſelf whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Dec. 10. 1725.

I Find myſelf the better acquainted with you for a long abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long affliction. Abſence does but hold off a friend, to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleaſed to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandiſed by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleaſed with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion, that all ſcribblers ſhould be paſſed by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart.

for

for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an hoſpital in which to lodge the deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelſea, with maimed ſoldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe, that, out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the great; my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piſs-pot, than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppreſſors, they are like kites or eagles; one expects miſchief from them: but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries — this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himſelf.

So much for enemies: now for friends. Mr L— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Doctor not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a divine.* Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I ſuppoſe Mr Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one, that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add; but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you; and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it? None more, be aſſured, than yours, &c.

P. S. Pope

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philoſophers. If you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect, that noble original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble *, was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, inſtead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a viſit, and I will ſubſcribe to any ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine perhaps, when you wiſhed me baniſhed again: but I am not leſs true to you and to philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

LETTER XVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

London, May 4. 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſup more than your ſtint, is a

* Seneca.

great

great debauch; for which you certainly pay more thon thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindneſs; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me ſo cruelly as you; the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life; for ſo long ſhall I be (in ſpite of my heart) entirely yours.

LETTER XVII.

Aug. 22. 1726.

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man baniſhed; and when I came home, found it no home. It is a ſenſation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe without you. Habitude itſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me in every place I frequent. I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your idea muſt be joined

joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes*, was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are ingraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did; for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I will

drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Sept. 3. 1726.

YOurs to Mr Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me, (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear that you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ——, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it, or you. I cannot help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, ones loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air

and

and she that leads him too rich, to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest my of days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr *** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for, if I am not in an errour, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; "and those that are out, may abide out: yet to "me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, "and those that are out shall be as those that are "in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—),

I am, and ever shall be yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABout ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: the whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally ſaid that you are the author; but I am told, the bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the cabinet-council to the nurſery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the ſatire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depretiate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Ducheſs-dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it: ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in

* It is no wonder a man of worth ſhould *condemn* a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures virtue and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt man ſhould *approve* it, becauſe it juſtifies his principles, and tends to excuſe his practice.

careſſing

careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, though he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr Arbuthnot, who ſays it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depretiating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, it is agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath paſſed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty.

two degrees, from the end of February, ſtyl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The Princeſs is clothed in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriſed to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you, is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken; we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I Have reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of all misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others *, like uſeleſs dependents, who only take up

* This was occaſioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in paſſing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horſes into the river. The glaſſes being up, and Mr Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the poſtilion, who had juſt recovered himſelf, beat the glaſs, which lay uppermoſt, to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr Pope's hands very dangerouſly.

room,

room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections; (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them): so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid any honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I Am just come from answering a letter of Mrs H—'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observe several passages, which appear to be patched and altered *, and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken). Dr Arbuthnot likes the projectors least †; others,

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the late edition printed for A. Donaldson.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society*.

you

you tell me, the flying island: some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that, in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court-expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life; for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars; by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he resolved to be hanged; only desired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. — Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added

to,

to, and blotted out by the printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 5. 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourſelf, and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by it. What have accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a raſcally groom ſhall gallop a foundered horſe ten miles upon a cauſey, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleaſed that you approve what was ſent; becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgment than making a preſent; which when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependence a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or miniſter will ſee us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verſes, I moſt earneſtly entreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (though it

it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Though you deſpiſe riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that were ever ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferiour to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, diſſentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and

and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner, diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of verſes; but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours, from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon ſaid, and above all of making miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the twelve thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic epiſtle of Mrs Gulliver. The bookſeller would fain have printed them before the ſecond edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a poet I write; and yet if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twitnam, without ſo much as reading newſpapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (though, as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very awkward ſenſations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he

ie very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value, must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIV.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might

occaſion your ſo ſudden departure: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs your health grew better; and I do not find it did ſo. I never complied ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you; nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed that before you went, we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours. We are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate: but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend, there; but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleaſed and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead

dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr Congreve's

amendment; though he does not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, "the "day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been "before."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſalutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the court, till you do ſo too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

October 30. 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the poſt-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe, or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs, than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that, in point of friendſhip, you acted like ſome philoſophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear, that you have taught me to dream; which I had not done in twelve years, further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe: but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other

et

et cetera's; and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health: in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers; *I knew thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart.* I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds; for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is is a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride. Witness what Mr Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person

to Chester to take care of you; and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic; and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs Pope for her prayers; but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her; for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed; so that I am in a blessed condition.—You remember

remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly.—I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr Pope.

Gay is a free-man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if he pleaſed; but I will not in the time of our Auguſtus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with ſome others, under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I have ſaid of you in the poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard

diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated: and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a court. A miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwell himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000 *l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper. — I am very glad your opera is finiſhed, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant. Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured. Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt, or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſſervice.

Now, why does not Pope publiſh his dulneſs * ? The rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St John does? There is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whe-

* The Dunciad.

ther

ther you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency? or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*. Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your opera to-day for ſixpence; a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo noſtro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houſes crammed, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a ſucceſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, *&c.* We hear a million of ſtories about the opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Pultney, and Mr Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid miniſters ———

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the alderman, and prepare againſt age, and dulneſs, and ſickneſs, and coldneſs or death of friends. A where has a reſource

left,

left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster, and university-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir ——— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever: and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole; and so adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

POpe charges himself with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulness* * grows and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

* The Dunciad.

I

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs, which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us, (if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin). Dear Swift, take care of your health. I will give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nourriſſer bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux ſonges: lever vous tard, et aller à l'égliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.* As to myſelf, (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little), I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to uſe a gardener's phraſe), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at leaſt of you. I love you for a thouſand things; for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court abſolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the Britiſh journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our more abſtruſe ſtudies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr Bowry. The former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majeſty's

jesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament; I reply, (to solve the riddle), that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar,—as Cato said; for ambitious, false, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay they would not, by their good-will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world

world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunceiad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this

kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me, in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid *majus nascitur Iliade*;

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England newspaper with the two names *Jonathan Gulliver*; and I remember Mr Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them.

matter

matter for hiſtorians. Mr Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant * tells me, it is very well performed; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for conſtant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for underſtanding and fortune, who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you, or I, or both are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland *(quanquam O!)*; and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſekeeper †, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough,

* Lord Carteret. † Mrs Brent.

yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*; — there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's opera hath done its taſk; *diſcedat, uti conviva ſatur.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another. Only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes; and one of us (I will not ſay which) upon very weak appearances; and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (ſince you call it ſo) is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in ſeven years: for you deſpiſe the follies and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperiour principle of virtue, but from your ſituation, which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt miniſter.——Your long letter

ter was the laſt I received till this by Dr Delany, although you mention another ſince. The Doctor told me your ſecret about the Dunciad; which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters, but have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my chapter to teaſe me. I do not converſe with one creature of ſtation or title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly deſcribed them to you; but, when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe, and I ſhall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own. If I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility, and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the univerſity-lads will croud to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health ben given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better huſbanded without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans, and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200 *l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, *&c.* and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And

he

he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best *, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals. I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man. I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as

* Dr Swift did so.

they

they are called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have filled it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I inſiſt, you muſt have your aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28. and find that all I have adviſed above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, *&c.* and among many complaints of ſpurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of this excellent author, *&c.* and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances.

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer-on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life, is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate your ſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money. Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kind-

neſs

neſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: the fall from a million to a hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: beſides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs you, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher, — and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little. — And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares. ——

LETTER XXXV.

Bath, Nov. 12: 1728.

I Have paſſed ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots, or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit; but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved, by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A—'s planting and building: two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure, that whenever

whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you will not, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inſerted in the poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing farther how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of ſcribblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am ſo atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I Lived very eaſily in the country. Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred, and deſirous to improve her underſtanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amuſing improvements, and writing family-verſes of mirth, by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſſed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I ſee no creature but my ſervants, and my old Preſbyterian houſekeeper, denying myſelf to every body, till I ſhall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common newſpaper, when I was in the country; and if it ſhould have happened to be true, I would have deſired to have had acceſs to him, as the ſituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who ſurely, beſides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to ſquander away a very good conſtitution in his younger days; and I think a man of ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience to preſerve his health for the ſake of his friends, as well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I could not much deſire the continuance of his life under ſo much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my ſpirits ſince we loſt him; though I ſaw him ſo ſeldom; and poſſibly if he had lived on, ſhould never have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh, as

you

you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with every body. —Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A—, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper; and yet I cannot say I love it; for I do not love my Lord, — who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr Gay's second opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21. 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr Pope were as great an urger as I; who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust.—I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble,

* Dr Helsham. † Polly.

that

that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits: and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are spurious except one paper*, for which Mr Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant. But I believe in your time, you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C——s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice,

* Entitled, *A Libel on Dr Delany, and a certain great Lord.*

hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe; and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forced to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a-madding, merely for want of better game. *Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim*, &c.—The d— take thoſe politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi præteritos* — but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring-corn? Has Mr Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land ſown with wheat? and what ſays Polybius? and how does my Lord St John *? which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago; and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs. I have likewiſe ſeen a monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment. But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and ſo I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the beſt; and not die here in a rage, like a poiſoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my

* Lord St John of Batterſea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

preſent

preſent diſpoſition; which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſince nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to myſelf. I deſire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I Do not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you do me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own; ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a newſpaper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory; which you often promiſed Mr Pope and me to do. I know he deſires it very much; and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy, than that it is the parent of Liberty and Eaſe; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a ſilly errour in the world, even among friends, otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have mo-

ney in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the reſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe: and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though ſhe is a bungler, and the game be eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London: yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who, I thought, when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *reſolunt diu male adminiſtrari*; the commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health: but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt; and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe, it was the type of all my future

diſappointments.

disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral; and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vitious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit; by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat; mix water with my wine; walk ten miles a-day; and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that, when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are so much younger, although you

want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were founder. I hate a croud, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because, whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters; because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, "&c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse; which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Aug. 11. 1729.

I AM very ſenſible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires; which, however, I find with ſome comfort do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half-year; ſo I am like a horſe, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it; and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs, but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philoſopher: and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs Pope, (if ſhe be ſtill alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety

piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is, that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues, *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinched in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon one tenth part ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are to do good offices to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid your fortune was increaſed 100 *l.* a-year ſince I left you? you ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice, though I cannot charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no uſurer more wiſhes to be richer, (or rather to be ſurer of his rents). But I am not half ſo moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live eaſily under double to what you are ſatisfied with.

I hope Mr Gay will keep his 3000 *l.* and live on the intereſt, without decreaſing the principal one penny; but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him. I hope he is grown more diſengaged from his intentneſs on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is quite the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dextrous diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord Oxford,

Oxford, Lord Bathurſt, and particularly to Mrs B—, but to no lady at court. God bleſs you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myſelf, but I want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Oct. 9. 1729.

IT pleaſes me, that you received my books at laſt: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendſhip between us, and to ſhew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular any thing be ſtated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here, may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with ſome additions to the notes and epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been increaſed by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-hill is to emulate Parnaſſus. I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you, and wiſh you removed from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100 *l.* a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf. But a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich

rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100 *l.* a-year. Do not be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr Gay assures me his 3000 *l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*— Poor Mrs * * is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27. 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance * thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it*, than a *farce?* Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr Baloardo, the prototype of your hero.—I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does ſomething like it in one of his rhapſodies. To tell you my reaſons would be to write an eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I will ſhew you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both may be

* Lady Bolingbroke.

made,

made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows, that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind, the power of descending without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our self-

love

love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own: I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various, and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar, preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love, in to your aid. *Tacitus* has crouded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we conſider fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardour. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am

ſorry to hear: You are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland *. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperiour ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you. She is faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I Received your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *Iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company!

* In the county of Armagh, called *Drapier's Hill.*

I

I go on answering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the other * never was: yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unie*; and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr Pope wishes it too; and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not. —— I was † forty-seven years old when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. —— I writ to Mr Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferiour to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation; — only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come-

* Lord Oxford. † The year of Queen Anne's death.

over and live with Mr Pope and me at the deanery? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried. — No, God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba, ignava opera*; I wiſh you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſed me to, will tell me that I can live on 50 *l.* a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*. — My Lord, what I would have ſaid of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*; I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times, is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The d— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 31. 1729.

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial among us.

As

As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness, the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 *l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L—— C——, who doth his duty of a good governour in inflaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER XLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: Whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which sooths my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 *l.* a-year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate.

eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurpriſe and anger you. However, I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you. No matter: for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earneſt; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THis letter (like all mine) will be a rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determined to ſay nothing that one could not ſay prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correſpondent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what degrees I ceaſed to be a witty writer; as either my experience

* *Eſſay on Man.*

† He uſed to value himſelf on this particular.

grew

grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curll would be bit, were our epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito ingenti*, and makes a wall for a horſe; then cries, "We "wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting ready "money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment; but I will increaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another *, whoſe concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo* ——&c.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.——The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent, ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr Knight of the S. Sea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he

* His mother's.

can

can never expect any favour *, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease for your love of old England.——It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life, since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me. The natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr Wycherley; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours †. I do not much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to

* He was mistaken in this. Mr Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742.

† See the occasion in the second and third paragraphs of the preface to Pope's letters, in vol. 3.

take

take a copy of it). I admire, on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together.——I will fully repreſent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honeſt man, and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is. But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you for complaining to Mr** of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's cauſe as to deſerve their money, and therefore would never have accepted it. But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the preſent conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a wellwiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabliſhed, as any miniſter in or out of employment whatever, or any biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic: ſo I live, ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr Hutchinſon, in that place, to which.

which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLVI.

April 14. 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover, he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honest*. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr Westley's subscription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers, of scripture; even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.——

Pliny

Pliny writ his letters for the public; ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial ſaint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber.—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will, and little power, produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.——I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman *, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks), I ſhall nurſe her in this farm † with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip where-ever ſhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours.

* Lady Bolingbroke.

† Lord Bolingbroke's ſeat at Dawley in Middleſex.

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LETTER XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant; and as ſhe has been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be yours with the ſame. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, preſcribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the courſe of the cure; and though our beſt botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil; yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chemiſtry, the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do to mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you have done before him. I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons. National corruption muſt be purged by national calamities.——Let us hear from you. We deſerve this attention, becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet a-going, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care; and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates), we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy; for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning. I recall the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of

ſchemes,

ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf; but I muſt tell you, how much my wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak. The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution; we keep it off ſometimes; but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the King of Terrours; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike; becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached, than to life itſelf.—You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old philoſophers, which were the preſents, *munuſcula*, that Stoical ſop Seneca uſed to ſend in every epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his Lady: why not I of my mother? Yeſterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt; her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender-pa-

rent; and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.— And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.— *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes *licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,*

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that, if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought

thought of; and you will be surprised to find that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority; and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations, &c.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations *, a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conference, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can; for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulged so much as to

* *Revelation examined with candour.*

render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free-man.—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I do not feel them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen.

pen. Dr ———'s book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkeley's *, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*.

Adieu.

LETTERS of Dr SWIFT to Mr GAY, &c. †

From the year 1729 to 1732.

LETTER L.

Dublin, March 19. 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation; for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her; although it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here; and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig-ſubjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands; and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed

* A fine original work, called, *The Minute Philoſopher*.

† Found among Mr Gay's papers, and returned to Dr Swift by the Duke of Queenſberry and Mr Pope.

by

by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger: but the different purſuits, and manners, and intereſts of life, as Fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port: for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play; although Mr Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good. But you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your text; I mean the title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs; for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wiſh you had 100*l.* a-year more for horſes.—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites; and am reputed the beſt walker in this town, and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr Pope. I wiſh you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood: but you are yet too volatile; and any lady with a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

WHen my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embaſſies; the miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier miniſtre:* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were

were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury-downs; having rode over them more than once; and with a young parſon of Saliſbury reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgments to my Lady Ducheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets. Upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her; which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me.—I am ſick enough to go to the Bath; but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200*l.* next ſummer in France. I am glad I have it; for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty; a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a ſhe-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you: but the evil is unavoidable; for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent

vent any progreſs towards real happineſs here; which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before; and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf: I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and diſturbed your converſation. For if it be true what Mr Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much; and who deſerve no better geniuſes than thoſe by whom they are celebrated.—If you ſee Mr Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig-printer. It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimſbury ſo late in the year; at which ſeaſon I take the country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a court on account of their virtues: which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy; although nothing deſerves

ſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors; and I confeſs at the ſame time that he had ſix times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church: the two laſt acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford; the laſt of whom was by you and Mr Pope put into Mr Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe a domeſtic life is neceſſary; where I can, with the centurion, ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command; and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it: and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who ſays that Mr Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel; the contention being between Concanen or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject; and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after

after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat. And I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter; where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write; and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom: though I would have remitted you my 200 *l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

MY beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr Gay will tell you, that a nameleſs perſon * ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little

* The Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

imperious

imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOur situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way; not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me. I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c. — Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St James's, by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput. — But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

MADAM, Since Mr Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to

prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article, of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it), the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that, under theſe diſadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand, at leaſt within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the beſt. My groom tells me, that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries

ries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For, I profess, you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714; and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness, as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing, but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. — Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude, that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24. with a postscript by Mr Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER LIV.

Dublin, June 29. 1731.

EVer ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers; but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil: for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles beſides, every day.

I always told you Mr ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs; and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the fillieſt lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs ———, why do you not command her to take you? If ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing. You do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither

ther ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before. — I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *per annum*; and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of Port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink, — provided you live in the country. — Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe; and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here;

for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER LV.

Aug. 28. 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill; for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country-parson's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and

and ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour *. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy †.—I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governours, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe. A Lord Lieutenant told the firſt King George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thouſand pound a-year—Why, you need not ſtare: it is eaſily applied: I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace.—Lo here comes in the Ducheſs again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for diſcovering my art), to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid.—Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe unromantic ſpirit in me to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr Pope's, and two thirds of Mr Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drilled away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally perform-

* *Wagſtaff's Dialogues of polite converſation*, publiſhed in his lifetime. See Swift's works, vol. 7.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to ſervants in general*, has been publiſhed ſince his death. See Swift's works, vol. 7.

ed:

ed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told, that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental: some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful, and others the contrary; and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about, as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see *.

LETTER LVI.

Sept. 10. 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health: but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as

*. His ludicrous prediction was since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled.

any

any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under-ones, that may add another thouſand pound to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teaſed with dukes and ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don "Quixote! queens held his horſe, and ducheſſes "pulled off his armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow; I can ſay ten times more; O happy, &c. ſuch a Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.——I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her: however, ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.—— I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead*. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon; for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.——It is a great comfort to ſee how cor-

* This has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his poems. See Swift's works, vol. 6.

ruption

ruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St James's or Weſtminſter.——But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my pride would be always able to preſerve me from vanity, of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Ducheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the work. And I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters, under the charge of ſecrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe, that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But, in the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politicly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpening thoſe arms, with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide; and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe,

of

of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace, for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving; since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hands at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw: and this is all I can find; which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER LVII.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU used to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please: you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you; and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that

that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you. I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great viſits; and, as I do not want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependent. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving; ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the Ducheſs (ſhe is ſuch a dowright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I do not pretend that I am equally ſaving with S—k. Mr Lewis deſired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion. But ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Capt. Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating bookſellers; which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancied there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on, and it is probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are, Lord Bolingbroke, 500 *l.*;

Mr

Mr Pelham, 500 *l.*; Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon, 500 *l.*; Gen. Hill, 500 *l.*; Lord Maſſam's ſon, 500 *l.*

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed. Therefore, as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!

P. S. Mr Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a headach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelvemonth; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake, why all this ſcruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.—Though ſuch proſpects as I wiſh, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B———'s, and one of mine; which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent

ſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of parties, even of countries; (for countries are but larger parties). *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finiſh it *. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr Arbuthnot be: but at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another. Surely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c.; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make mankind leſs admirers, and greater reaſoners †. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, though not diminiſhed. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; when I am better, I riſe up. I am uſed

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the beſt of his performances, but very characteriſtic.

† The poem he means is the *Eſſay on Man*. But this point he could never gain. His readers would *admire* his poetry in ſpite of him, and would not underſtand his *reaſoning* after all his pains.

to

to the headach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism), the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me; and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here. I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you; and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER LVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter; and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury downs; and I declare, that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones: for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me; for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark. And in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place; *(experto crede)*, save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise: and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit,

and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles. So it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find, by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; juſt the reverſe of Mr Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own; but I profeſs, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Ducheſs; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear; and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Aimſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family and neighbouring ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? Can you ſet the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Ducheſs's women admire your wit? In what eſteem are you with the vicar of the pariſh? Can you play with him

at

at backgammon? Have the farmers found out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country-ſkill is in fiſhing for roaches, or gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to the Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's father laſt night in my cathedral; he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtaid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething. There is no writing I eſteem more than fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint. I found a moral firſt, and ſtudied for a fable; but could do nothing that

pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in armies by a long war; wherein I ſuppoſed the lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be a brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a colonel, *&c.* I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage; which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England. But, pray, take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins; without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you, and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that, when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here is your health,—and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs. — And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope, (a couple of philoſophers), would ſtarve me; for even of Port wine I ſhould require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended have. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind:

you

you eat without care; and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchess be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town; and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace, to be better established upon your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst: and fortune is ever against me; but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding

breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a brat in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble, *&c.*

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I Know not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip; and it is monſtrous to me, that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way; for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace deſired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*; and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 *l.* a-year; and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin-money, before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Aimſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and Prebendary of Weſtminſter;

Weſtminſter; elſe I will nor ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company. I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr D——y has got a wife with 1600 *l.* a-year; I, who am his governour, cannot take one under two thouſand. I wiſh you would inquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs, I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thouſand pounds more, to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the vicar of Aimſbury can play at backgammon. Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer, "Well, I am determined "not to accept the employment of gentleman-uſher:" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I would ſay to you, (though

compariſons

comparisons be odious), what I said to the ——, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural, and sincere, and unaffected than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part; and have indeed acted so indiscreetly, that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off; and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf; and think (according to another proverb)

that

that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going, I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you, though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I Usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.—— I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post; if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and, besides, I think the world is already so well informed

formed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the poſt-officers, that ſince wit and learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor dulneſs and ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you will hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with ſaying, That I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferiour puppies, and 'ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that fame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that

that author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am ſure, your Grace is not; no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for wit, in preferring two old-faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read; and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle, as none of them can underſtand.—You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town: therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect; which you ſay are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandiſe at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years: and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed. I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms,

that I was much obliged to the lady who wiſhed ſhe could give me the beſt living, &c. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle; and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lord Duke; and, with my heartieſt prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me, the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect: I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleaſed with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you, (either verſe or proſe), I can only ſay, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind ſhall be delivered you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt; but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural; and, when I take a pen, ſay to myſelf a thouſand times, *Non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleaſed to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country; family-amuſements, never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours; or ſome effects of anger

on

on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and, I find, you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropt. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions), the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr Sh——'s preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a view of the state of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret: In verse, a libel on Dr D—— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr D—— on the libels writ against him; the barrack, (a stolen copy); the lady's journal; the lady's dressing-room, (a stolen copy); the plea of the damn'd, (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England). Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north, but perfect family-things; two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local; and some that would give offence to the

* John Harding.

times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the ſcheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a paſſage in Gulliver, where a projector hath ſomething upon the ſame thought. This young man is the moſt hopeful we have. A book of his poems was printed in London: Dr D—— is one of his patrons. He is married, and has children, and makes up about 100 *l.* a-year; on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and, I profeſs, I grow gradually ſo dry, that a rhyme with me is almoſt as hard to find as a guinea; and even proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs *. Nay, I have another † of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr —, who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider that both wit and beauty will go off with years; and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Boling-

* Polite converſation, in Swift's works, vol. 7.

† Directions to ſervants, *ib.*

broke's

broke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and, I believe, the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is, because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o' clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows:

* "On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received December 15. but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding "some misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr Swift's hand].

as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. —Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far; his qualities were the gentleſt: but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that is a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu; I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better; I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

P. S. By Dr ARBUTHNOT.

Dear SIR,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels. It was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two phyſicians beſides myſelf. I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years. I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health

health and happineſs; being, with great affection and reſpect, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr Gay; upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport: but in the former caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life, for a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wiſh, that, with thoſe already extant, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your poem on the uſe of riches hath been juſt printed here; and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſe abundance of the ſatire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more

more than of your former, upon taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk to be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.—Dr Delany preſents you his moſt humble ſervice. He behaves himſelf very commendably; converſes only with his former friends; makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the ſtreets as uſual, by daylight; does many acts of charity and generoſity; cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant; and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an agent. He is a moſt worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr P—, which, I deſire, may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his modeſty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice. I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend to ſuch a lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs

pineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXV.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſberry will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings, he left no will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr Gay's was, and as yours is). I am preparing alſo for my own; and have nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the

the four volumes of miſcellanies) to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt volume of miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr D—, and the beſt panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I do not mean that any thing of yours is chaff; but with other wit of Ireland, which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, even before it was publiſhed; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace *, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it; though, in truth, my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon. But you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Barhurſt is a part it of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſhed in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhow their beſt ſilks

* Sat. 1. lib. 2. vol. 1. of Pope's works.

laſt;

laſt; or, (to give you a truer idea, though it ſounds too proudly), my works will in one reſpect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and underſtood when conſidered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable *.

I am pleaſed and flattered by your expreſſion of *Orna me*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have; and every man that deſerves to be loved or adorned. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion (from their extraordinary paſſion for poetry, and their boundleſs hoſpitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My mother lives (which is an anſwer to that point), and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and ſenſible to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh, (beyond any other wiſh), you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferred to ſee France firſt, to which country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received; and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him, incloſed in the common way, as I

* See note on the epiſtle to Lord Cobham, *Of the Knowledge and Characters of men*, vol. 2. of Pope's works.

do

do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction.——Your Lady friend is *semper eadem*; and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr Arbuthnot. The play Mr Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

LETTER LXVI.

April 2. 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most

moſt innocent, undeſigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and cheerfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or ſtate our maker appoints; and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am ſorry you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unleſs you will do it for me, (and that I ſhall like as well). Upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither; for this reaſon, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cauſe of truth and virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch as no man can be angry at, but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible, with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal family, at the ſame time that I ſatiriſed falſe courtiers, and ſpies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be ſuch a ſatiriſt as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philoſopher. You call your ſatires, *libels*; I would rather call my ſatires, *epiſtles*. They will conſiſt more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my antagoniſts to be witty, (if they can), and content myſelf to be uſeful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ———'s or Lord * *'s performance? They are certainly the

top-wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, præ-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up, for the others *. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.— I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem †, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praise so kindly; and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness; and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call *happiness*. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France, at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu.

* See Pope's epistle written on this occasion, above.
† The ironical libel on Dr Delany.

Believe

Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mixed with ſhort ſighs), ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I Anſwer your letter the ſooner, becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The life and character of Dr S. written by himſelf.* It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impoſtor ſays in his dedication; with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And although I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one ſingle line, or thought, is contained in this impoſture; although it appears, that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more. I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me; as, I am ſure,

you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it; which is mean, and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay; but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature, in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves; those which ought not

not to be seen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like *opuscula*, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600 *l.* for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants; but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me, to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, he "would be glad of my permission; but as he could "print them without it, and was advised that it "could do me no harm, and having been assured "of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not "be angry at his pursuing his own interest, &c."

Much of this discourse passed; and he goes on with the matter; wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent: and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit, but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called *The life and character of Dr Swift*, with a letter, telling me, the person "who published "it, had assured him, the dedication to me was what "I would not take ill, or else he would not have "printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should

ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for ſatire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the apoſtle ſpeaks, "Be ye angry, and "ſin not."

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life: and this, I doubt not, has cauſed ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER LXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I Muſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs Pope, of whoſe death † the papers have been full. But I

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† Mrs Pope died June 7. 1733, aged 93.

would

would rather rejoice with you; becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful ſon that I have ever known or heard of; which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me; and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen. Thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year. Dr Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner; and to paſs the evening, where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues; but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands, juſt at two ends

of

of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen of ſenſe, learning, good humour, and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you; and orderly females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myſelf, I declare, my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at preſent. I hate the thoughts of London; where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horſes and two ſervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governours of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town; who dare not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus I make ſome advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather than a ſlave among freemen. Then, I walk the ſtreets in peace without being juſtled, nor ever without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes; I am abſolute Lord of the greateſt cathedral in the kingdom; am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin; only the latter, like the K. of France, ſometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you, with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter, relating to my Lord B——— and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow

upon

upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER LXX.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I Have every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed, either way: Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you.

You

You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs; nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe as I; as little for any nation, in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people, who are (at laſt), like the primitive Chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wiſhed, but never thought to ſee; when *every mortal that I eſteem, is of the ſame ſentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are buſy, except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LETTER LXXI.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I Never think of you, and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſeparated almoſt

moſt as eternally by abſence, checks me to that de gree that it takes away, in a manner, the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am ſure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourſelf, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick out. You will have immediately, by ſeveral franks, (even before it is here publiſhed), my epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declared againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I writ a ſort of anſwer; but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me, when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to public parties, which I have conſtantly obſerved in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch men as ſlander and belie my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the public;

blic; that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.———Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER LXXII.

Sept. 15. 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing

often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office), could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping, from what we fling to our dogs; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the epistle to a lady. It was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your life and character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more. The same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought

thought a divine, a philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſhed it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſſed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. It is juſt what my Lord B. is doing with metaphyſics. I hope you will live to ſee, and ſtare at the learned figure he will make, on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? if it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a-week moſt gladly: but can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the nothings he can expreſs? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is juſt returned from a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it till I have

ſcribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly of my metaphyſics, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true, I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that kind, and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public *. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome time ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LETTER LXXIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B———'s poſtſcript of September 15. It was long on its way; and for ſome weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip: but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they ſhew that *all our metaphyſical theology is ridiculous and abominable.*

wonder

wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer-season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man; although I am convinced, that I shall never be able to finish three treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard, that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well; and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name; and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on

that occaſion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the firſt reading thoſe eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: on the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: on the third he had no doubt remained; and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent, and ſo I ſhall while I live. It ſaves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe, between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly ſorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes, that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding), that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſlept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer

longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſſed together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annexed to, did not hinder me. I rambled by very eaſy journeys this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occaſion, commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned ſeveral years; and of this ſort you will ſoon ſee one which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myſelf in a fever, highly diſordered, and ſo continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recovered, as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, though not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God, we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall re-unite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you. You are to me like a limb loſt, and buried in another country. Though we ſeem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would deſire

ſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpirit you to beſtow correction upon thoſe three treatiſes, which you ſay are ſo near completed; I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, (or, to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphyſical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not ſatisfy me; who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed. He is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my eſſay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the univerſe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own perſons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to ſee any that are truly ſo; and therefore do not miſtake any thing I ſaid, ſo as to diſcourage your ſending any ſuch to me. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOur letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr Stopford, who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtic affairs are in great confuſion, by the villany of agents, and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power in both nations*, (it is here in perfection already), although I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both public, and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor †, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have, perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe.

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a *giddineſs* in his head.

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27. 1734 5.

Neither

Neither would I change you, my abſent friend, for the beſt preſent friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, *A diſſertation upon parties*. I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the biſhop of Marſeilles *. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, *I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done?* You have given no offence to the miniſtry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any conſequence in the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed between us, although I never deſtroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have ſtrict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Nei-

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful peſtilence deſolated that city, in 1720. He ſold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.

ther

ther did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loath that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr Rundle*. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression than can be inflicted on mankind. — *Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord.* You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues.

Adieu.

* Bishop of Derry.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life. I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon. No body can be more waſted, no ſoul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation, of being cut into the bladder, for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring left, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his deathbed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reaſon, "That I might have ſome-"thing to put me every day in mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *inſignia* are graved on the inner caſe. On the outer, I have put this inſcription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit,* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt

moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, though generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 21. 1735.

I Anſwered your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have eſcaped being publiſhed, becauſe I writ nothing but nature and friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerved, that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing; but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting: now I muſt tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things, in ſpite of your philoſophy. Your Muſe cannot forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot travel to

* Idiots.

ſee you; otherwiſe I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country, with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health ſo uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My beſt way would be to marry; for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? methinks, I am inquiring after a tulip of laſt year. — "You need "not apprehend any Curls meddling with your let-"ters to me. I will not deſtroy them, but have or-"dered my executors to do that office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay; *longævitas eſt garrula*; but I muſt remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo. I am ever, deareſt Sir,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER LXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Feb. 9. 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name; ſuch a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh, I am very ſick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with the compliment uſual here, Mr Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined

confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord temporal or spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light: but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before; by which it is plain, that the letter you sent me miscarried. — I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you, to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency, last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings. — As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him, for any deserving friend.

* The Duke of Devonshire.

LETTER LXXX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since; only I have continued in great pain of mind: yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you. Pray, be so kind to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on

on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a poem in the Chineſe language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me; although I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour. Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all wiſe Chriſtian governments †, which always had ſome eſtabliſhed religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewell, my deareſt friend! ever and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epiſtles in verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſſed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the *Diſſertation on parties* appears to be of the ſame opinion.

to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reaſon and ſcience. 2. A view of the uſeful and therefore attainable, and of the unuſeful and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and uſe of different capacities. 4. Of the uſe of *learning*, of the *ſcience* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of all theſe, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the taſk is great, and *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſhed. I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds riſe, and the winter comes on. I find myſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to ſee how few friends I have left. Pray, whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by them? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I received a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs at Mr Cheſeleden's. I conclude you was eaſed of that friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole

whole profeſſion of chirurgery; and has ſaved the lives of thouſands by his manner of cutting for the ſtone.—I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B's, ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his genius: whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſewife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone! yet my houſe is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worſe poet, than when you ſaw me. But gardening is near akin to philoſophy; for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ*. For God's ſake, why ſhould not you (that are a ſtep higher than a philoſopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a biſhop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing elſe), ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Vales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

LETTER LXXXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my

my deafneſs: and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England: becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage; and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you ſay of "your letters, ſince you have many years of life "more than I, my reſolution is to direct my execu- "tors to ſend you all your letters, well ſealed and "packeted; along with ſome legacies mentioned "in my will, and leave them entirely to your diſ- "poſal. Thoſe things are all tied up, indorſed, and "locked in a cabinet; and I have not one ſervant "who can properly be ſaid to write or read. No "mortal ſhall copy them; but you ſhall ſurely have "them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health, and leiſure, and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of poetry: I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience: you are, and will be ſome years to come, at the age when Invention ſtill keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity. But your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare; but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On your ſide, men of fame ſtart up and die, before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B's genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the world.—Com-

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mon reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy; here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I Find, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love. And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half

a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull. And you ſhould be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, ſhould be concealed: but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue, in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at moſt. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you, or diſregard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decayed. For, believe me, great geniuſes muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit or ſee glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty. Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the houſe of Lords writ commendatory verſes upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the univerſities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince, crowned me with laurel. You

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are a very ignorant man: you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it; and let not him be too angry at it: it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not; and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errours you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess: may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification

cation of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel ever month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow. In short, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life; but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid. This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name. I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham, and Mr Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they

they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOur very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us: for if

we have known him long, he is old; and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can aſſure you, ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem for your ſenſe, virtue, and charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that reflection ſtruck me, you will ſee from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiours, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. "But I have much reaſon to fear, thoſe which you "have too partially kept in your hands, will get "out in ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in caſe of "our mortality: and the more reaſon to fear it, "ſince this laſt month Curl has obtained from Ire-"land two letters; (one of Lord Bolingbroke, and "one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year "1723), and he has printed them, to the beſt of "my memory, rightly, except one paſſage concern-

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" ing Dawley, which muſt have been ſince inſerted,
" ſince my Lord had not that place at that time.
" Your anſwer to that letter he has not got; it has
" never been out of my cuſtody; for whatever is
" lent is loſt (wit as well as money) to theſe needy
" poetical readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He ſeems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a ſettled and principled philoſopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You aſk me, if I have got any ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible; for not our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone, by the mere flux and courſe of years, that, were the ſame friends to be reſtored to us, we could not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room *; ſo the courſe of time brings us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh, and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in parliament; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their aſſerting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of

* There are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwiſe than by the author's extreme compaſſion and tenderneſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peeviſh old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

the ſame ſtudies and the ſame authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impreſſions; it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now, than thoſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me in all reſpects, but that we can yet correſpond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourſe. Adieu. I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much. Let me drop into common things.—Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs B. ſighs more for you, than for the loſs of youth. She ſays, ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learned that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

March 23. 1736-7.

THough you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I would write often to you, would be a very eaſy taſk: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only ſet down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myſelf verging to that period of life which is to be labour and ſorrow, the more I prop myſelf upon thoſe few ſupports that are left me. People in this ſtate are like props indeed; they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you nd I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter

master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country *, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, because the sentence may be understood in a double sense. *Dub. edit.*

them with all their imperfections on their head; ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſekeeper, and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in ſpite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you ſome letters; but it has pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability; for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I muſt always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the

the head of any one of your epiſtles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of morality, even in the poetical way; and ſhould have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of yours, I have "faſtened in a folio cover, and the reſt in bundles "indorſed: but, by reading their dates, I find a "chaſm of ſix years, of which I can find no copies; "and yet I keep them with all poſſible care. But "I have been forced, on three or four occaſions, to "ſend all my papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe pa-"pers were all ſent ſealed in bundles, to ſome faith-"ful friends; however, what I have are not much "above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. It was ſent me in the Engliſh edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out ſome: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the profeſſion of friendſhip to me in the ſame poem, will not ſuffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happineſs is, that you are too far engaged; and in ſpite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr Glover who writ the epic poem called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preach-

er,

er, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I am, my deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or ſpeak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I Sent a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I received as yet no anſwer; but it will be time enough when his Lordſhip goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him "all the letters I preſerved of yours, which "are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great "chaſm of ſome years, but the dates are more ear-"ly than my two laſt journeys to England; which "makes me imagine, that in one of thoſe journeys "I carried over another cargo." But I cannot truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. So that I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of thoſe who highly eſteem you, and a few who know you perſonally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinction between the Engliſh gentry of this kingdom, and the ſavage old Iriſh, (who are only the vulgar, and ſome gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of the kingdom); but the Engliſh colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that

that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that title, only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them, that their names are entered in ſome pariſh in London. I have three or four couſins here, who were born in Portugal, whoſe parents took the ſame care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your letters. He will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates; but will aſſert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other northern ſhires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt ſyſtem that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their follies and vices. It is ſome recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here, as you are at home. If you will blame us for ſlavery, corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe ſcribblers, who ſend us over their traſh in proſe and verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms:—I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health. I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray, let my Lord Orrery ſee you often: next to yourſelf, I love no man ſo well; and tell him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I have now done; for it is evening, and my head

head grows worſe. May God always protect you, and preſerve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant friend. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

My dear friend, *Dublin, Aug.* 8. 1738.

I Have yours of July 25.—and firſt I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, incapable of converſation, by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to increaſe your compaſſion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the poſt-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem. I deſire you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperiour univerſal genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear, he will be too ſoon gone to his foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then deſcended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely

ſolutely done with poetry for ſeveral years paſt; and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore: and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple bar to St James's; (I mean the court excluſive).

"I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you "have favoured me with, theſe twenty years and "more, are ſealed up in bundles, and delivered to "Mrs W———, a very worthy, rational, and ju- "dicious couſin of mine, and the only relation "whoſe viſits I can ſuffer. All theſe letters ſhe is "directed to ſend ſafely to you, upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her eſtate in the north. She is a perſon of very good underſtanding, as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B's letter, in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great miniſter of ſtate: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueezed in among the few ſubalterns, *quorum pars parva fui.* If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt patron; and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, &c.

P. S. I

P. S. I will here, in a poſtſcript, correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſhewed my couſin the above letter; and ſhe aſſures me, that a great collection of * your me, letters to are put up and ſealed, my you, and in ſome very ſafe hand †. I am, my moſt dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24.
1738.

* It is written juſt thus in the original. The book that is now printed, ſeems to be part of the collection here ſpoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr Pope, but of Dr Swift, both to him and to Mr Gay, which were returned him after Mr Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr P. of the return or exchange of letters, has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſſed in the publication, and only appears by ſome of the anſwers.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a ſafe hand *in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing; though I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of thoſe letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpoſe; and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie.* "*Mrs W—— did aſſure me, ſhe had not one of them;* "*and ſeemed to be under great uneaſineſs, that you* "*ſhould imagine they were left with her. She like-*"*wiſe told me ſhe had ſtopped the Dean's letter which* "*gave you that information; but believed he would* "*write ſuch another; and therefore deſired me to* "*aſſure you from her, that ſhe was totally ignorant* "*where they were.*"

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean, or any other perſon, of what I have told you.

I

I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "*That the Dean ſays they are delivered into* "*a ſafe hand, and Mrs W——* declares ſhe has* "*them not. The conſequence of their being hereafter* "*publiſhed, may give uneaſineſs to ſome of your friends,* "*and of courſe to you: ſo I would do all in my power* "*to make you entirely eaſy in that point.*"

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune; and I ſhould ſay, (as an excuſe for this letter), that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

With the trueſt eſteem,

Your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

Marſton, Oct. 4. 1738. ORRERY.

* This lady ſince gave Mr Pope the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went ſo far, as to *ſecrete* the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her ſon-in-law, D. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a preface to juſtify Mr P. from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.

LETTERS to RALPH ALLEN, Esq;

LETTER XC.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30. 1736.

I Saw Mr M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr V. to copy the picture. I have inquired for the best originals of those two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so; the discovery of Joseph to his brethren, and the resignation of the captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci; and I am promised the other in a good print, from one of the chief Italian painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size; one would wish for a basso relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your hall, done in chiaro oscuro.

A man not only shews his taste, but his virtue, in the choice of such ornaments. And whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the history itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the stones may be said to speak, when men cannot, or will not. I cannot help thinking, (and I know you will join with me, you who have been making an altar-piece), that the zeal of the first reformers was ill placed, in removing *pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of churches; and yet suffering *epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries, and false history) to be the burthen of church-walls, and the shame, as as well derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription *. I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will inquire what has been done; and, I really believe, what I told you will prove true; and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of †. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

Southampton, June 5. 1736.

I Need not say I thank you for a letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can till we meet. But in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things ‡ is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public: and, as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you, I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good-will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man ||. I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion

* For his own edition of the 1st volume of his letters; undertaken at Mr Allen's request.

† The printing his letters by subscription.

‡ His letters.

|| Mr Allen's friendship with the author was contracted on the reading his volume of letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart.

muſt ſuppreſs; and this they (without any other conſideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection: whereas the only uſe to my own character, as an author, of ſuch a publication, would be the ſuppreſſion of many things. And as to my character as a man, it would be but juſt where it is; unleſs I could be ſo vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honeſt ſentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would ſurely be wrong and weak alſo.

I do grant it would be ſome pleaſure to me to expunge ſeveral idle paſſages, which will otherwiſe, if not go down to the next age, paſs, at leaſt, in this, for mine; although many of them were not; and, God knows, none of them are my preſent ſentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly diſapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I ſay, that pleaſure would be increaſed to me, in knowing I ſhould do what would pleaſe *you*. But I cannot perſuade myſelf to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much leſs to ſerve my private fame entirely at another's expenſe *.

But underſtand me rightly. Did I believe half ſo well of them as you do, I would not ſcruple your aſſiſtance; becauſe I am ſure, that to occaſion you to contribute to a real good, would be the greateſt benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promiſe you, if ever I am ſo happy as to find any juſt occaſion where your generoſity and goodneſs may unite for ſuch a worthy end, I will not ſcruple to draw upon you for any ſum to effect it.

As to the preſent affair: that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your deſires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done. I will tell my friends I am as willing to publiſh this book as to let it alone. And, rather than ſuffer you

* Mr Allen offered to print the letters at his own expenſe.

to

to be taxed at your own rate, will publiſh, in the news, next winter, the propoſals, &c.

I tell you all theſe particulars to ſhew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your aſſiſtance in any moderate degree. But I think you ſhould reſerve ſo great a proof of your benevolence to a better occaſion.

Since I wrote laſt, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the ſubject of Scipio and the captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a ſketch of: and, I believe, is more expreſſive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expreſſion. I have alſo met with a fine print of the diſcovery of Joſeph to his brethren; a deſign, which I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCII.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

Nov. 6. 1736.

I Do not write too often to you for many reaſons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that friends ſhould be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exerciſe of their friendſhip, and a trial of their memory. And moreover, to be perpetually repeating aſſurances, is both a needleſs and ſuſpicious kind of treatment with ſuch as are ſincere. Not to add the tautology one muſt be guilty of, who can make out ſo many idle words as to fill pages with ſaying one thing. For all is ſaid in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as buſy in planting for myſelf as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet day and for every fog, that gives me the headach, but proſpers my works. They will indeed

outlive me, (if they do not die in their travels from place to place; for my garden, like my life, ſeems, to me, every day to want correction; I hope, at leaſt, for the better); but I am pleaſed to think my trees will afford ſhade and fruit to others, when I ſhall want them no more. And it is no ſort of grief to me, that thoſe others will not be things of my own poor body: but it is enough, they are creatures of the ſame ſpecies, and made by the ſame hand that made me. I wiſh (if a wiſh would tranſport me) to ſee you in the ſame employment. And it is no partiality even to you, to ſay it would be as pleaſing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in proſe are above three quarters printed; and will be a book of fifty and more ſheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the flowneſs of ſubſcribers, I will do all I can to diſappoint *you* in particular; and intend to publiſh in January, when the town fills, an advertiſement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will ſubſcribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed receipts, which put an end to any perſons delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I ſend you a few that you may ſee I am in earneſt, endeavouring all I can to ſave your money; at the ſame time, that nothing can leſſen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health, and for my own, which is better than uſual.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

June 8. 1737.

I Was very ſorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendſhip betrayed you into upon the

the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a friend is really dead, (if he knows our concern for him), he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that what we think a real evil, is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, time and life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr Pope *to Mr* Allen.

Nov. 24. 1737.

THE event * of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, though both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiours, at the time that we pity them; because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last mo-

* The Queen's death.

ments,

ments, and through the courſe of great torments. What character hiſtorians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domeſtic ſervants, and thoſe neareſt her, give her the beſt teſtimony, that of ſincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at beſt, even when juſt, in its opinion of any one. The only pleaſure which any one, either of high or low rank, muſt depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that ſmall circle we are converſant in: and it is therefore the greateſt ſatisfaction to ſuch as wiſh us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increaſe of thoſe bleſſings which make your domeſtic life happy. I have nothing ſo good to add, as to aſſure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, *&c.*

LETTER XCV.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28. 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint ſo troubleſome to you; and the ſhare I have borne, and ſtill bear too often, in the ſame complaint, gives me a very feeling ſenſe of it. I hope we agree in every other ſenſation beſides this: for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture to ſay, my body is the worſt part of me, or God have mercy on my ſoul. I cannot help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman; (for whom you left a guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden): I had no notion of her want being ſo great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleaſure to come, for I will allow her ſomething yearly; and that may be but one year; for, I think, by her looks ſhe is not leſs than eighty. I

am

am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you will think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it), provided I say something of you, which most people would take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

Jan. 20.

I Ought sooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and, at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs A's disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of ——; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting-seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London; and, if I possibly can, I would

get

get him to lie out of it at Twickenham; though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach; which would be the propereſt exerciſe for both of us, ſince he is become ſo weak as to be deprived of riding a horſe.

L. Bolingbroke ſtays a month yet, and I hope Mr Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleaſed to meet each other; and nothing, in all my life, has been ſo great a pleaſure to my nature, as to bring deſerving and knowing men together. It is the greateſt favour that can be done, either to great geniuſes or uſeful men. I wiſh too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of ſome proud and powerful perſons, to ſee if they have any of the beſt ſort of pride left, namely, to ſerve learning and merit, and by that means diſtinguiſh themſelves from their pedeceſſors.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr POPE *to Mr* ALLEN.

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am ſure we ſhall meet with the ſame hearts we ever met; and I could wiſh it were at Twickenham, though only to ſee you and Mrs Allen twice there inſtead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has ſince obliged me to reſide here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I muſt ſee you here or no where. Let that be an additional reaſon for your coming and ſtaying what time you can.

The utmoſt I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may ſlide along the Surrey ſide (where no Middleſex juſtice can pretend any cogniſance) to Batterſea, and thence croſs the water for an hour or two,

two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation *.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as he. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition.) God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

* On the invasion, at that time threatened from France and the pretender.

LET-

LETTERS of Mr POPE to Mr WARBURTON.

LETTER XCVIII.

April 11. 1739.

I Have juſt received from Mr R. two more of your *letters* *. It is in the greateſt hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third *letter*, which is ſo extremely clear, ſhort, and full, that I think Mr Crouzaz † ought never to have another anſwer, and deſerved not ſo good an one. I can only ſay, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, ſo odd as the expreſſion ſeems; for you have made my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the ſame ſyſtem as mine, but illuſtrated with a ray of your own, as they ſay our natural body is the ſame ſtill when it is glorified. I am ſure I like it better than I did before, and ſo will every man elſe. I know I meant juſt what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning ſo well as you. You underſtand me as well as I do myſelf, but you expreſs me better than I could expreſs myſelf. Pray accept the ſincereſt acknowledgments. I cannot but wiſh theſe letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a tranſlation of part, at leaſt, or of all of them into French ‡; but I ſhall not proceed a ſtep without your conſent and opinion, *&c.*

* Commentaries on the *Eſſay on Man.*

† A German profeſſor, who wrote remarks upon the philoſophy of that *Eſſay.*

‡ They were all tranſlated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent ſtation in his own country.

LET-

LETTER XCIX.

May 26. 1739.

THE diſſipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himſelf who paſſes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's ſervant more than my own; this, Sir, is the occaſion of my ſilence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almoſt any man. By writing, indeed, I propoſed no more than to tell you my ſenſe of it: as to any corrections of your *letters*, I could make none, but what reſulted from inverting the order of them, and thoſe expreſſions relating to myſelf which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the laſt letter, which I returned immediately to the bookſeller. I muſt particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your poſtſcript * to the laſt edition of the *Legation of Moſes*. I am much more pleaſed with a compliment that links me to a virtuous man, and by the beſt ſimilitude, that of a good mind, (even a better and ſtronger tie than the ſimilitude of ſtudies), than I could be proud of any other whatſoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which ſets a good prieſt above a biſhop, and truly makes his fortune; that is, his happineſs in this life as well as in the other.

* He means, a *vindication of the author of the Divine legation*, againſt ſome papers in the Weekly Miſcellany: in which Mr Warburton applied to himſelf thoſe lines in the epiſtle to Dr Arbuthnot,

Me let the tender office long engage, &c.

LETTER C.

Twitenham, Sept. 20. 1739.

I Received with great pleaſure the paper you ſent me; and yet with greater, the proſpect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to town. I ſhall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongſt the number of thoſe who eſteem you, will be paſſed rather in this place than in London; ſince it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promiſe; and ſo much as my conſtitution ſuffers by the winter, I yet aſſure you, ſuch an acquiſition will make the ſpring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

As ſoon as Mr R. can tranſmit to me an entire copy of your *letters*, I wiſh he had your leave ſo to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to tranſlate, who, I hope, will not ſubject your work to as much ill-grounded criticiſm, as my French tranſlator * has ſubjected mine. In earneſt, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus eſpouſing the cauſe of a ſtranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this ſentiment, is the leaſt. The generoſity of your conduct deſerves eſteem, your zeal for truth deſerves affection from every candid man: and as ſuch, were I wholly out of the caſe, I ſhould eſteem and love you for it. I will not therefore uſe you ſo ill as to write in the general ſtyle of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occaſion: and I can only ſay (which I ſay with ſincerity and warmth) that you have made me, *&c.*

* *Reſnel*, on whoſe very faulty and abſurd tranſlation Crouzaz founded his only plauſible objections.

LET-

LETTER CI.

Jan. 4. 1739.

IT is a real truth that I ſhould have written to you oftener, if I had not a great reſpect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unneceſſary thing to let you know, that moſt of my friends alſo pay you their thanks; and ſome of the moſt knowing, as well as moſt candid judges, think me as much beholden to you as I think myſelf. Your *letters* * meet from ſuch with the approbation they merit; and I have been able to find but two or three very ſlight inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their obſervation, altered in an exemplar which I keep againſt a ſecond edition. My very uncertain ſtate of health, which is ſhaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Briſtol two months ſince; and I ſhall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten letters from thence on the ſucceſs of your book †, which they are earneſt to have tranſlated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monſieur Cambis the ambaſſador, hath done the greateſt part of it here. But I will retard the impreſſion till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleaſure I earneſtly wiſh for, to meet you in town; where you gave me ſome hopes you ſometimes paſſed a part of the ſpring, for the beſt reaſon, I know, of ever viſiting it, the converſation of a few friends. Pray, ſuffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my houſe have its ſhare of you: or, if I can any way be inſtrumental in accommodating you in town during your ſtay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my diſpoſal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them ſo little; but

* On the *Eſſay on Man.*

† The commentary on the Eſſay on Man.

that it is possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies* *, that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit poured out upon you as the author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER CII.

Jan. 17. 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the remarks on the fourth epistle †; which (though I find by yours attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life. I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *essay* into prose, which Mr Crouzaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some others; though I was very willing, at first, to

* The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr Webster, Dr Waterland, Dr Stebbing, Mr Venn, and others.

† Of the *Essay on Man*.

impute

impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory deviations from the argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard, &c.

LETTER CIII.

April 16. 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be passed, when people know each other's mind so well. I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London; and thence after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr R.'s, where and when I shall call upon you; which I will daily inquire for, whether I chance to be here or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CIV.

Twitenham, June 24. 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correſpondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange; which, with honeſt men, ſeems a kind of illicit trade, by having been, for the moſt part, carried on, and carried furtheſt by deſigning men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him.* Your two kind letters gave me real ſatisfaction, in hearing you were ſafe and well; and in ſhewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my eſteem for you, and delight in your converſation. Indeed my languid ſtate of health, and frequent deficiency of ſpirits, together with a number of diſſipations, et *aliena negotia centum*, all conſpire to throw a faintneſs and cool appearance over my conduct to thoſe I beſt love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at. But, in earneſt, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourſelf what you are to me in my opinion and affection; ſo high in each, that I may perhaps ſeldom attempt to tell it you. The greateſt juſtice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but inſtruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing ſcene of ancient Egypt or Greece; ſtruck with veneration and wonder; but at every ſtep wanting an inſtructor to tell me all I wiſh

to

to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Essay *; but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and I think I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you shall certainly now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

LETTER CV.

Oct. 27. 1740.

I AM grown so bad a correspondent, partly through the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly through other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me), that my oldest, as well as best friends, are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The translation you † are a much better judge of than I, not only because you under-

* Mr Pope desired Mr Warburton to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

† Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

stand

ſtand my work better than I do myſelf, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a maſter of them. I would only recommend that the tranſlator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his uſage of ſome *terms* which may be more *preciſe* in modern philoſophy than ſuch as he could ſerve himſelf of, eſpecially in matters metaphyſical. I think this ſpecimen cloſe enough, and clear alſo, as far as the claſſical phraſes allow; from which yet I would rather he ſometimes deviated, than ſuffered the ſenſe to be either dubious, or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of ſuch a verſion; and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks tranſlated, ſuch only I mean as are general, or explanatory of thoſe paſſages, which are conciſe to any degree of obſcurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I deſigned to Oxford, and Lord Bathurſt's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me ſometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr G.

Scriblerus * will or will not be publiſhed, according to the event of ſome other papers coming, or not coming out; which it will be my utmoſt endeavour to hinder †. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your ſimile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all ſatire is become ſo ineffectual, (when the laſt ſtep that Virtue can ſtand upon, *ſhame*, is taken away), that Epigram muſt expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little ſubjects. Adieu. Believe I wiſh you nearer us; the only power I wiſh, is that of attaching, and at the ſame time ſupporting, ſuch congenial bodies, as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* The *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

† The letters publiſhed by Dr Swift.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

Bath, Feb. 4. 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter-writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should oftenest pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason; for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed, in Ireland, my letters to Dr Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glimpses of you, which a short spring-visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you, but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second volume* *; and particularly of the *digressions*, for they are *so much more of you*; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You, will, I question not, verify the good proverb, That the furthest about way is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *more theologorum*; and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, instructive story of Dr W***, who was, in this, the image of ***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But

* Of *the Divine Legation*.

I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the last spring.

I am, &c.

LETTER CVII.

April 14. 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me, in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an errour. Such, I own, is the instance given of ——. You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month. When, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which, it will be my fault, if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you; and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

LETTER CVIII.

Twitenham, Aug. 12. 1741.

THE general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem

eſteem I bear you. Honeſt and ingenuous friends are ſure of each other's; the tie is mutual and ſolid. The uſe of writing letters reſolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare. Unleſs I ever ſhould be ſo fortunate, (and a rare fortune it would be), to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, ſome real benefit done you by my means. But Fortune ſeldom ſuffers one diſintereſted man to ſerve another. It is too much an inſult upon her to let two of thoſe who moſt deſpiſe her favours, be happy in them at the ſame time, and in the ſame inſtance. I wiſh for nothing ſo much at her hands, as that ſhe would permit ſome great perſon or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; though very lately a nobleman, whom you eſteem much more than you know, had deſtined, *&c.*

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other ſubjects, I ſhould break my reſolution, and become an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I ſhould go on jingling only the ſame bells!

I have received ſome chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon. As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any ſcruple of beſtowing one on you, in a ſcience of which you are ſo great a maſter. In ſhort, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am ſure, where-ever honour is not conferred on the deſerving, there can be none given to the undeſerving, no more from the hands of prieſts, than of princes. Adieu. God give you all *true bleſſings*.

LET-

LETTER CIX.

Sept. 20. 1741.

IT is not my friendſhip, but the diſcernment of that nobleman * I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to ſerve you. And his judgment is ſo uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleaſure to you to owe him any thing; inſtead of a ſhame, which often is the caſe in the favours of men of that rank. I am ſorry I can only wiſh you well, and not do myſelf honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myſelf when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deſerving than you have made yourſelf.

I do not know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I aſk your pardon, though it be truth, for ſaying ſo much.——

If I can prevail on myſelf to complete the Dunciad, it will be publiſhed at the ſame time with a general edition of all my verſes, (for poems I will not call them), and, I hope, your friendſhip to me will be then as well known, as my being an author; and go down together to poſterity. I mean to as much of poſterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the commentator (as uſual) will lend a crutch to the weak poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We ſhall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the univerſity. And I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you.——

LETTER CX.

Bath, Nov. 12. 1741.

I AM always naturally ſparing of my letters to my friends; for a reaſon I think a great one; that it

* Lord Cheſterfield.

is

is needleſs after experience, to repeat aſſurances of friendſhip; and no leſs irkſome to be ſearching for words, to expreſs it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. Firſt, to expreſs a ſatisfaction at your reſolution not to keep up the ball of diſpute with Dr M. though, I am ſatisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr L. is pleaſed at it too, who writes me word upon this occaſion, that he muſt infinitely eſteem a divine, and an author who loves peace, better than victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookſeller in the room of the honeſt one you have loſt, Mr G.; and I know none who is ſo worthy, and has ſo good a title in that character to ſucceed him as Mr Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper intereſt and pleaſure. I am here in more leiſure than I can poſſibly enjoy even in my own houſe, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be moſt effectual, to make me reſume the ſtudies I have almoſt laid aſide, by perpetual avocations and diſſipations. If it were practicable for you to paſs a month or ſix weeks from home, it is here I could wiſh to be with you. And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amuſement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral ſtrokes to merit ſome regard from ſuch men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either caſe, this place and this houſe would be an inviolable aſylum to you, from all you would deſire to avoid, in ſo public a ſcene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the maſter of it, invites you in the ſtrongeſt terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is ſincerer and plainer than almoſt any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be ſerviceable to your complaints, (as I believe from what you have told me of them), no opportunity can ever be better. It is juſt

the beſt ſeaſon. We are told the Biſhop of Saliſbury is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend: at leaſt, though a biſhop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You ſee I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance; in which, however, I will not think myſelf light, ſince I have known your partiality, You will want no ſervant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will ſerve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr ALLEN tells me, you might on horſeback be here in three days; it is leſs than 100 miles from Newark, the road through Leiceſter, Stow in the Wolde in Glouceſterſhire, and Cirenceſter by Lord Bathurſt's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

Audiſtin'? an me ludit amabilis
Inſania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr Allen's at Bath. God preſerve you ever.

LETTER CXI.

Nov. 22. 1741.

YOurs is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and ſatisfactory anſwer, and all I can deſire. Do but inſtantly fulfil it. — Only I hope this will find you before you ſet out. For I think (on all conſiderations) your beſt way will be to take London in your way. It will ſecure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you ſhould take ſome care as to Mr G's executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more ſerviceable in ſettling any

any such accounts than Mr Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see * * *, though when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town; and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London, I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribbler again, I know not.

LETTER CXII.

April 23. 1742.

MY letters are so short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I cannot sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter; and perhaps to make others sleep unless awakened by my commentator: no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival; with whom I shall seize all the hours I can; for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short. —— I do not

think it impoſſible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to ſee (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old ſervant.——In that caſe I think to go with him; and if it ſhould be at a ſeaſon when the waters are beneficial, (which agree particularly with him too), would it be an impoſſibility to meet you at Mr Allen's; whoſe houſe, you know, and heart, are yours? Though this is a mere chance, I ſhould not be ſorry you ſaw ſo great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again.—Adieu. The world is not what I wiſh it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

Bath, Nov. 27. 1742.

THis will ſhew you I am ſtill with our friend; but it is the laſt day; and I would rather you heard of me pleaſed, as I yet am, than chagrined as I ſhall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wiſh you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You ſay no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have repoſed yourſelf a while at your own fire-ſide. I ſhall inquire as ſoon as I am in London, which of my friends have ſeen you. There are two or three who knew how to value you. I wiſh I was as ſure they would ſtudy to ſerve you.—A project has ariſen in my head to make you, in ſome meaſure, the editor of this new edition of the Dunciad *, if you have no ſcruple of owning ſome of the graver notes, which are now added to thoſe of Dr Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertiſement to the public, of your commentaries, on the *Eſſays on man*, and on *criticiſm*, which I propoſe to print next in another volume proportioned to

* That is, of the four books complete.

this.

this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem, be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppressed; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.—

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIV.

Dec. 28. 1742.

I Have always so many things to take kindly of you, that I do not know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book, first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give it, was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your notes and your discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments.—I am glad you will refresh the *memory* of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers; especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller sort; those who become writers through malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make

uſe of that ſhort and excellent one you gave me in the ſtory of the *reading-glaſs*.

The world here grows very buſy. About what time is it you think of being amongſt us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, ſo that I may expect more of your company as one good reſulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which ſays every thing to a friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being ſo of *any thing*, but firſt and principally) of your health and well-being; and depend on my ſenſe of all the *kindneſs* over and above all the *juſtice* you ſhall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleaſure than an additional ſheet to * Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs, I cried out, *Aut Eraſmus aut diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the gods by the firſt pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to expreſs myſelf in; but could not omit this, which delighted me ſo greatly.

My law-ſuit with L. is at an end. — Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford: Sit tibi cura mei, ſit tibi cura tui.*

LETTER CXV.

Jan. 18. 1742.

I AM forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyeſight grows every day ſhorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I anſwer you ſummarily. I can even leſs bear an equal part in a correſpondence than in a converſation with you. But be aſſured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am inſtructed and

* On the origin of the books of chivalry.

pleaſed.

pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends than I esteem and enjoy you equally. — I have again heard from Lord * * and another hand, that the Lord † I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life, if once he served or obliged you; but that I was certain you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude. — Dear Sir, adieu; and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

LETTER CXVI.

Twitenham, March 24. 1743.

I Write to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my friends merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* It is in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character, and keep his in dignity. Though, in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

† Granville,

I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words ſoever I make of it.—A greater pleaſure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr Allen ſo, who is not only worth more than — intrinſically; but, I foreſee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man leſs truly great than an honeſt one is but ſmall.———

I have lived much by myſelf of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuſe myſelf with little improvements in my garden and houſe, to which poſſibly I ſhall (if I live) be ſoon more confined. When the Dunciad may be publiſhed, I know not. I am more deſirous of carrying on the beſt, that is, your edition of the reſt of the *Epiſtles* and *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, &c. I know it is there I ſhall be ſeen moſt to advantage. But I inſiſt on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourſelf in finiſhing that noble work of the *Divine Legation*, (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo*), or any other uſeful ſcheme of your own. It would be a ſatisfaction to me at preſent only to hear that you have ſupported your health among theſe epidemical diſorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almoſt every one.

LETTER CXVII.

June 5.

I Wiſh that, inſtead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you ſome ſervice as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as ſparing of words as moſt old men are of money, though I daily find leſs occaſion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honeſt man to beſtow; nor indeed of an honeſt man to receive; conſidering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded

loaded me with favours of that kind, which are moſt acceptable to veteran authors; thoſe garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not bloſſoms ſpringing from the dry author.

It is very unreaſonable after this, to give you a ſecond trouble in reviſing the *Eſſay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one ſworn to ſuffer no errours in me: and though the common way with a commentator be to erect them into beauties, the beſt office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little leſs defective, and the bookſeller will not allow me time to do ſo myſelf.

Lord B. returns to France very ſpeedily, and it is poſſible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr Allen's in the ſummer; of which I will not fail to advertiſe you, if it ſuits your conveniency to be there, and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my ſcribbling ſo haſtily and ſo ill. My eyes are at leaſt as bad as my head; and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpoſe,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CXVIII.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you ſhew to every thing that concerns me is ſo manifeſt, and ſo repeated, that you cannot but tell yourſelf how neceſſarily I muſt pay them in my heart, which makes it almoſt impertinent to ſay ſo. Your alterations to the preface and eſſay * are juſt; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern, that my notions in

* Prefixed to his Homer's Iliad.

my

my firſt writings ſhould not be repugnant to thoſe in my laſt. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an errour, it was not ſo much that I thought wrong or perverſely, as that I had not thought ſufficiently. What I could correct in the diſſipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and ſome there are which ſtill want your help to be made as they ſhould be.—Mr Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as ſoon as I can return from the other party, I believe not till September at ſooneſt. — You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but juſt like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your finances * than your fame; becauſe the firſt, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourſelf; the ſecond is ſecure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never ſaid one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very ſanguine. But accidents and occaſions may do what virtue would not, and God ſend they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public virtue, let us preſerve our own poor ſhare of the private. Be aſſured, if I have any, I am, with a true ſenſe of your merit and friendſhip, &c.

LETTER CXIX.

Oct. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learned your ſafe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am intereſted in whatever is, and deſerves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happineſs. I have many reaſons and experiences to convince me, how much you wiſh health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make

* His debt from the executor of Mr G.

as

as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER CXX.

Jan. 12. 1743.

AN unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect; and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have passed most of my time, and often wished you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things with your notes; and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order.—

I am told the laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive, and if it be his. He threat-

ens

ens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine*, because I have a respect for *your* clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*). But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs Allen quite well. Do not be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, *&c.*

LETTER CXXI.

IF I was not ashamed to be so behindhand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up, (any more than I could, in my present state, to overtake you in a race); I would particularise which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all: and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in reviving the papers *on the use of riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here. — I own, the late incroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example), I

* Ver. 355. — 358. of the 2d book of the Dunciad.

would

would commit them to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious reader. And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a light, or ſo well turn their beſt ſide to the day as your own. This obliges me to confeſs I have for ſome months thought myſelf going, and that not ſlowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the phyſicians, and ſtill the laſt medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to ſerve me. I was at laſt, about ſeven days ago, taken with ſo violent a fit at Batterſea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. ſent for preſent help to the ſurgeon; whoſe bleeding me, I am perſuaded, ſaved my life, by the inſtantaneous effect it had; and which has continued ſo much to amend me, that I have paſſed five days without oppreſſion, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, ſome degree of expectoration, and ſome hours together of ſleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take ſome part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Batterſea with my Lord B. I will paſs what I have of life, while he ſtays, (which I can tell you, to my great ſatisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet). What if you came before Mr Allen, and ſtaid till then, inſtead of poſtponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, juſt tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: but that I will do, the firſt day I find myſelf alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any ſpirits yet to hold a pen. You ſee I ſay nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXII.

April 1744.

I Am ſorry to meet you with ſo bad an account of myſelf, who ſhould otherwiſe with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week ſo much worſe, as to make my journey thither, at preſent, impracticable, even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the higheſt of all powers I muſt bow to without murmuring. I wiſh to ſee you here. Mr Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuſe to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours juſt now, and I writ to hinder — from printing the comment on the *uſe of riches* too haſtily, ſince what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwiſe, that you might reviſe it during your ſtay. Indeed my preſent weakneſs will make me leſs and leſs capable of any thing. I hope at leaſt, now at firſt, to ſee you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert meaſures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendſhip *.

I am, &c.

* He died May 30. following.

The

The LAST WILL and TESTAMENT of ALEXANDER POPE of *Twickenham*, Esq;

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last will and testament. I resign my soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit* — of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno* 17 — *ætatis* — ; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of exchequer, Esq; the survivors or survivor of them, executors of this my last will and testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my Noble Friend, Henry St John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the above-said Earl of Marchmont. These, who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke

will add to his library all the volumes of my works and tranſlations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe of Eraſmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer: That my Lord Bathurſt will find a place for the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Farneſe, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oſcuro, done by Kneller: That Mr Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his deathbed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I deſire Mr Lyttelton to accept of the buſts of Spenſer, Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his Royal maſter the Prince was pleaſed to give me. I give and deviſe my library of printed books to Ralph Allen of Widcombe, Eſq; and to the Reverend Mr William Warburton, or to the ſurvivor of them, (when thoſe belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs Martha Blount has choſen threeſcore out of the number.) I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr Warburton the property of all ſuch of my works already printed, as he hath written, or ſhall write commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwiſe diſpoſed of or alienated; and all the profits which ſhall ariſe after my death, from ſuch editions as he ſhall publiſh without future alterations.

Item, In caſe Ralph Allen, Eſq; above ſaid, ſhall ſurvive me, I order my executors to pay him the ſum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the beſt of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uſes. If he refuſe to take this himſelf, I deſire him to employ it in a way, I am perſuaded, he will not diſlike, to the benefit of the Bath hoſpital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family-pictures of my father, mother, and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqs, and to Mrs Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant, John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of one hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself, and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl: and it is my will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square, the sum of one thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my will, I give and devise to the said Mrs Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my above-said executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, &c. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government or other securities, according to their best judgment; and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs Martha Blount, during her natural life: and after her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds to Mrs Magdalen Racket,

ket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs Martha Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to the above-said Gilbert West; two hundred to Mr George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his sister, Mrs Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my servant, John Searl, to which soever of these shall be then living: and all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last will and testament, written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, sealed, and declared by the testator, as his last will and testament, in presence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the university of Oxford.

FINIS.